

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 809



MAY 30, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

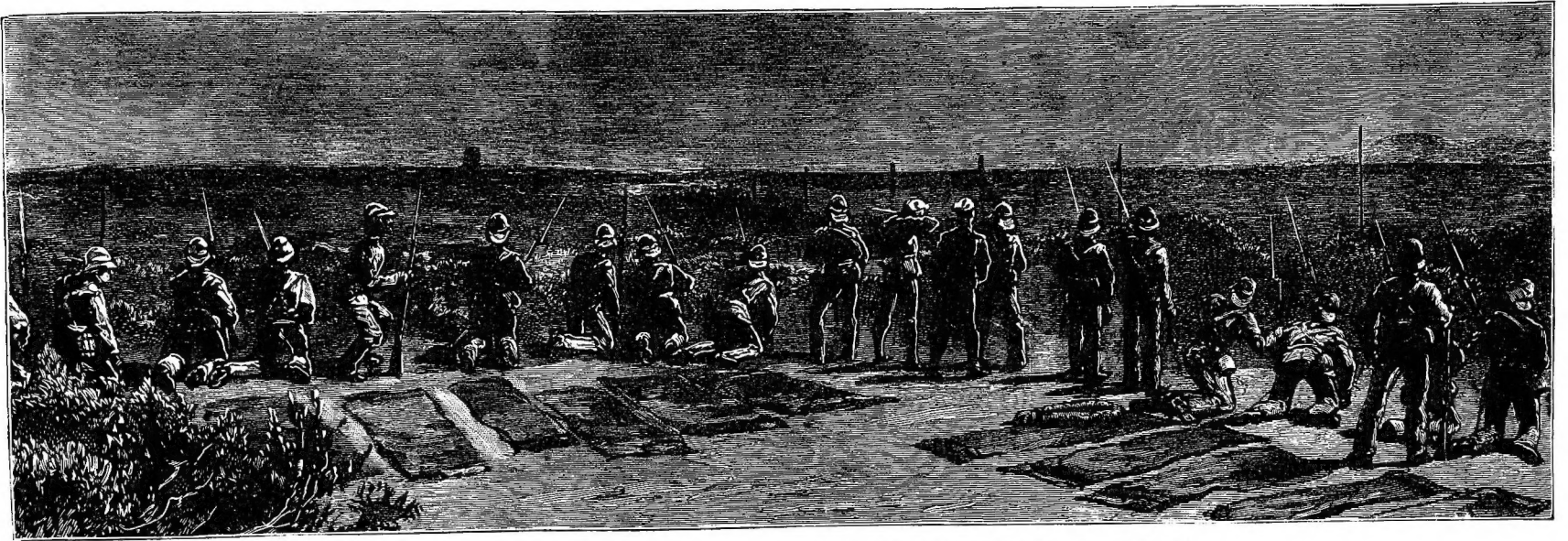
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
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A NIGHT ALARM ON THE RAILWAY NEAR SUAKIM
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. C. E. FRIPP, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SUAKIM



THE QUEEN VISITING WOUNDED SOLDIERS FROM THE SOUDAN AT NETLEY HOSPITAL

Topics of the Week

LORD ROSEBERY AT BERLIN.—During the present week all the world has been reading elaborate reports of conversations which are said to have taken place between Prince Bismarck and Lord Rosebery. Probably these reports have not much solid foundation of fact, but it is not disputed that Lord Rosebery went to Berlin on a serious political mission, and that his visit is likely to have important consequences. The Government have acted wisely in attempting, even at the eleventh hour, to conciliate the great Chancellor, for, whether they like the fact or not, no statesman has so much power either to help or to hamper them. It would have been well for England if this had been recognised long ago. Lord Beaconsfield saw clearly that all the conditions of international politics had been changed by the transfer of supremacy on the Continent from France to Germany, and he took good care to shape his policy in accordance with the essential facts with which he had to deal. Mr. Gladstone came into office with the resolute determination to reverse all that his predecessor had done; and so Germany was alienated, while the friendship of France and Russia was not secured. The consequences are only too plain, and we shall be fortunate if it is possible for us to retrace our steps. That Prince Bismarck will do what he can to help England is probable enough; for, however much he may dislike our Prime Minister, he knows that Great Britain is the natural ally of Germany, and he can have no wish to adopt any course that would tend to prevent the growth of a thoroughly good understanding between the two countries. But the British Government have committed so many mistakes that it will be extremely difficult for Prince Bismarck or any one else to diminish their perplexities. So far as Egypt is concerned, nothing can be done for us until Mr. Gladstone begins to govern his action in that country by some definite principle, which shall be intelligible to the Egyptian people and to the world at large. Hitherto he has wavered between principles which are absolutely contradictory, and there are no real indications that he even yet sees the necessity of fulfilling in a serious spirit the obligations which he himself created by putting down Arabi's revolt.

RADICALS AND THE CRIMES' ACT.—If the Gladstone Ministry, which in other matters has for years blundered and mismanaged with impunity, were to suffer shipwreck because of its virtuous determination to renew the Crimes' Act in its existing shape, the catastrophe would not be so very surprising after all. On the one hand, Radicalism instinctively hates anything which strengthens authority and encourages obedience; on the other hand, partisan bitterness will run the risk of any future mischief for the sake of driving a detested adversary out of office. Thus it comes to pass that Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. John Morley are ready to unite with the Parnellites in opposing the continuance of a measure which, as far as practical statesmen are able to judge, has bestowed upon Ireland its present condition of comparative tranquillity. It is doubtful, however, whether the Government will ever be exposed to this ordeal, for the simple reason that, in accordance with familiar precedent, they will yield to their opponents, either by emasculating the Act, or by re-enacting it for twelve months only, and thus leaving the awkward responsibility of its further renewal to the new Parliament. Of course the reason of this anticipated surrender on the part of the Government is that there are dissensions within the Cabinet itself. The Birmingham oracle has spoken with no uncertain voice. If Mr. Gladstone were a younger man, and possessed of moral courage, he might insist on passing the Act in its entirety, even at the risk of losing two of his most brilliant colleagues. But he is scarcely likely to do so; he will prefer to wait for the decision of the newly-enfranchised millions in the matter. The millions, by the way, would do well to study for themselves the provisions of this monstrous and terrible engine of tyranny. They will, perhaps, be surprised to find no Irishman who minds his own business need know that there is such an Act in existence; and they may also discover that it would be well, with a view to the dynamite plots, if the more important clauses of the Crimes Act were made permanent law, and applied, not merely to Ireland, but to the United Kingdom.

THE SOUDAN SHAMBLES.—Will the sickening work of slaughter never cease in the Soudan? From the eastern side we get graphic accounts of mail-clad trains, armed with Gardner guns, dashing down upon parties of Arabs and killing them by the hundred. From the western, we are told how dire is the consternation of the tribes who have helped us in the matter of supplies, on being left to the tender mercies of the Mahdi. It is all one, apparently, whether the son of the desert has stood our friend or faced us as our foe—he is bound to die, in any case. That is his *kismet* since he came into contact with the "resources of civilisation;" they either slay him on the battle-field with scientific precision, or leave him to be slain in unscientific fashion by his own countrymen. If the wretched Suakim Railway is to be abandoned, of what account is it that the Arabs should amuse themselves by tearing up the rails or burning the sleepers? We owe them

a little enjoyment after all the suffering and misery we have caused them, and a more harmless form could not easily be discovered than to allow them to expend their rage on the worthless railway. We shall have to do so, whether we like it or not, before long, it being quite impossible for the garrison of Suakim to protect the line. Indeed, it is not easy to say who will protect Egypt itself after our troops are withdrawn. That vital matter, the reconstruction of the Egyptian army, is postponed for "future consideration," the Government being apparently of opinion that it is better to put off until to-morrow any work which they feel troublesome to-day. And then, when the morrow comes, they will be found in precisely the same state of unpreparedness, looking to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, for a trustworthy force to take the place of that which they destroyed at Tel-el-Kebir.

CO-OPERATION.—Attention has once more been directed to the subject of co-operation by the Co-Operative Congress, but in the discussions which have taken place no new facts of much importance have been brought out. With regard to co-operation for distribution, it is generally admitted that excellent results have been accomplished. The movement has put tradesmen on their mettle, and even if it had had no other consequence it would have been of real benefit to the community. Unfortunately, productive co-operation does not seem to make very rapid progress. At one time it was believed by social reformers that all our hard economical problems were to be solved by co-operative production; and we may still hope that the idea has a future, for under favourable conditions it evokes some of the best qualities of the working class. But there are many formidable obstacles in the way. In the first place it is becoming increasingly difficult to carry on successfully any business which is not conducted on a great scale. Competition is driving small undertakings from the field, and co-operative producers, like individual capitalists, can hope to make considerable profits only by being prepared for large expenditure. Again, one of the most essential conditions of productive co-operation is that there shall be rigid organisation, and a readiness on the part of each partner in the enterprise to sacrifice his own notions in deference to the will of the majority. This is a condition with which English workmen are not very ready to comply, although, no doubt, their prejudices in favour of extreme individualism are to some extent giving way through the influence of Trades Unions. A still more serious difficulty is that societies for co-operative production need managers who are both prudent and enthusiastic. An individual capitalist has the strongest possible motives for looking sharply after the minutest details of his business. If any mistake is made, it is he who will be the principal sufferer; if his schemes prosper, the profit will be his own. The manager appointed by a body of co-operative producers is not personally so deeply concerned, and is not, therefore, likely to do his work so well unless he happens to be a man of exceptional ability and character.

THE OPIUM CONVENTION.—It is to be feared that the arrangement which has just been made between the British and Chinese Governments with regard to the opium traffic will tend to lower the opinion hitherto held concerning the latter body by the anti-opium enthusiasts of this country. The popular idea has been that the Chinese were innocent victims, that the British, by a mixture of force and fraud, for the sake of enhancing their Indian revenues, forced upon them a noxious drug, and that, if the Chinese Government were only free to act, they would prohibit altogether both the importation and the consumption of the juice of the poppy. Experienced Anglo-Indians, it is well known, have always been somewhat sceptical about this conception of the sentiments of the Chinese people, and it would seem that they are right, for in the Convention just settled it is taken for granted that opium is in itself a legitimate object of acquirement, and the chief aim of the arrangement was the purely business-like one of getting a better and more regular revenue than heretofore out of the imports. This has been managed in the following manner. Hitherto, besides a fixed import duty of ten pounds sterling per chest, an additional tax, called *lekin*, was imposed by the Viceroy of the several provinces. The amount of this *lekin* differed in different places, and its collection provoked much bribery and disturbance. Henceforward the *lekin* will practically be abolished, but in its place the import duty which is collected by the Customs' officials under Sir Robert Hart will be raised from ten to thirty pounds a chest. One word on the moral aspect of the change. The opinion of the most competent judges appears to be that opium as a tranquilliser is admirably suited to the constitutions of the Asiatic races. When taken immoderately it is eminently mischievous, but ought we to punish the multitude because of the folly of the few? Even such good things as brandy, port wine, and pale ale are hurtful when taken in excess, and the same may be said of political partisanship. Therefore it is well to regard with tolerance the Oriental fondness for opium.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER.—Some good has come out of our quarrel with Russia, at all events. But for it, many years would probably have passed before the nation recognised the necessity of rendering the north-west frontier of

India a real bulwark. As matters stand at present, it is anything but that, being easily penetrable at several points, and not at all easily defensible. All this is now to be altered, and if the Russians will only be so kind as to postpone the invasion of India for a few years, they may count upon finding the road to Delhi rather rougher than their Chauvinist swashbucklers now imagine. Fortunately they are in much the same case as ourselves, the Transcaspian Railway being completed only as far as Kizil Arvat, a long distance from Quetta. It is at this last-named place that the real Indian frontier begins. In a political sense, Herat may still be the key of India, but it wears no such character when viewed from a purely military standpoint. No doubt, it is a place of great strategic importance as regards Afghanistan, but were it to fall into the hands of the Russians, the Indian frontier would still possess precisely the same strength as before. That is, indeed, the contingency we have to guard against; not merely that Herat may follow the fate of Merv and Khiva, but that Afghanistan itself may fall under the control of our rival. We hope that this may never happen; we should like to believe that the Ameer and his people will for ever be steadfast in their loyalty to England. But Afghan sincerity and Afghan gratitude have always been dubious qualities, and, on the whole, it is reassuring to know that our future policy in the East will be to trust to ourselves to defend our possessions. It is a pity that the Government did not come to this wise resolve before they threw away *en bloc* the "scientific frontier" which they are now slowly recovering bit by bit.

ANARCHISTS.—The world has been again disagreeably reminded of the revolutionary elements which are fermenting below the surface of French society. It is obvious that there is a considerable party of very "advanced" politicians who detest the Republic even more cordially than the Republicans detested the Empire. It may be doubted, however, whether the French Anarchists are as formidable as the German Socialists. The latter are not only discontented with existing institutions, but are prepared with a positive scheme for the establishment of what, in their opinion, would be an infinitely better social order. There are Socialists of this type in France also, but the majority of those who are loosely called French Socialists are really Anarchists, who have no very definite theory as to the proper constitution of society. Their great doctrine is that Governments have been the source of almost all the hardships which have afflicted mankind. In the Utopia which the followers of Karl Marx hope to create the Government will have greater functions than any that have ever been exercised by the most despotic States of past times. To the Anarchists this seems a monstrous proposal. Abolish all rule, they say, and then every kind of injustice will disappear in consequence of the essential goodness of human nature. Bakounin appears to have been the originator of this brilliant plan for the promotion of human happiness; and, according to M. de Laveleye, most of the revolutionists in France, Italy, and Spain are proud to call themselves his disciples. It is incredible that so wild a party will ever make much way among working men who are in the slightest degree educated; but it does not follow that it will not give the French Government serious trouble. Its adherents are passionately in earnest, and they are not hampered by any scruples about the means by which their ends ought to be attained.

RAILWAY COUPLINGS.—Not many weeks since, when writing in these columns concerning railway accidents, we pointed out the well-known but nevertheless painfully suggestive fact that, while the percentage of railway passengers who are killed or maimed is very small, the percentage of railway servants who suffer death or injury is very great. And it will be found on examining the carefully-prepared statistical tables on this subject that the greater number of these injuries are sustained during the operation of shunting, and especially by the men being caught between the buffers of the carriages whilst engaged in coupling them. A correspondent in Tuesday's *Times* points out that in America such coupling is on most of the leading lines performed automatically, that consequently the deaths from this cause are not more than one-twentieth of their number in this country, and, lastly, that a number of these automatic contrivances are now on show at the Inventories' Exhibition. The inference from all this is that, unless strong reasons can be shown to the contrary, the automatic coupling system should be introduced into this country, and that if the railway companies decline voluntarily to adopt it, they should, as in the case of the automatic brake, be compelled to do so. It is difficult to believe that a plan which works well on the other side of the Atlantic can be altogether inadmissible here.

THE GORDON MEMORIALS.—There must now be quite a round dozen of Gordon Memorials soliciting subscriptions in different parts of the country, and, if judgment may be formed from the published list of donations, the result of this acute competition is suicidal all round. No doubt, the promoters of each enterprise are thoroughly convinced that its programme is the best in itself, and the most representative of Gordon's wishes. No doubt, either, that the objects sought by all are thoroughly meritorious in themselves. But the fact remains that the British

public feel distracted by the multiplicity of invitations, like the proverbial animal between two bundles of hay, and, being unable to make a choice, solve the difficulty by keeping their money in their pockets. Eliminating the minor affairs and those of a missionary character, there are three prominent schemes of so analogous a nature that amalgamation would seem perfectly practicable. The Gordon Memorial Fund for the Benefit of Poor Children, the Gordon Boys' Camp, and the Gravesend Gordon Home, all equally aim at the performance of philanthropic work among the offspring of the poorer classes. Their programmes only differ in details, and in the character of the *modus operandi* to be employed; but this antagonism chiefly lies on the surface. Would it not be worth while, then, to arrange a conference, to be attended by two or more representatives of the several committees, for the purpose of consolidating the three undertakings on a give-and-take basis? Were this done, not only would the public subscribe more freely, but the joint enterprise might put in a valid claim to the money subscribed to the Mansion House Memorial Fund, should the idea of establishing a hospital at Port Said be abandoned. As matters stand at present, it seems only too probable that the memory of the Hero of Khartoum will remain unperpetuated by anything deserving the name of a national memorial.

RADICALS AND MODERATE LIBERALS.—Politicians are now beginning to make serious preparations for the approaching General Election, and there is much diversity of opinion as to the probable tendencies of parties in the near future. According to some authorities, we are about to see the break-up of the Liberal Party. When Mr. Gladstone retires, we are told, the Moderate Liberals will withdraw from the Radicals and join the Conservatives; and then we shall again have two great homogeneous parties, each with its own well-defined aims and principles. It may be doubted, however, whether this prophecy is likely to be fulfilled. That there is a very real difference between the typical Moderate Liberal and the typical Radical is certain. What is not so certain is that the Radicals will introduce into Parliament all the ideas by which they produce startling effects from the platform. They know well that it would be hard for them to secure a majority if the Conservatives and the Moderate Liberals combined against them; and to avert this result they may be prepared to postpone indefinitely the application of their peculiar ideas about "ransom" and various other subjects. In his political relations John Bull has always been a lover of compromise, and when the time of trial comes it may be found that in this respect even Mr. Chamberlain is not very unlike other English statesmen. Besides, can we be sure that the Conservative Party in its new form will seem very attractive to Moderate Liberals? Its rising man, Lord Randolph Churchill, may be a true Tory; but whether that means that he is a Conservative in the sense in which the word has hitherto been used is not quite clear. If any considerable number of Moderate Liberals are discontented with their present position, the probability is that they will hesitate to make an important change until they have rather more accurate information as to the real objects of the leader of the Tory Democrats, and as to the extent of his influence.

THE REVISED BIBLE.—If it was worth while, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, to employ all the most competent scholars of the day to spend years in the preparation of a new version of the Holy Scriptures, it was also worth while to give the whole nation, as much as possible, an interest in the enterprise. The simplest way to give them this interest is to publish the book at such a price that even the labouring man or woman, working for scanty wages, may become possessed of it. It is absurd to say that this cannot be done. Publishers are well aware that, as far as paper, printing, and binding are concerned, books can be produced both cheaply and profitably; and sometimes, though not so often as we could wish regarding works of standard value, they give us the benefit of this belief. At all events, the Authorised Version of the Bible has been published so cheaply, and in so many various forms, that the poorest wage-earner need not be precluded from obtaining a copy. Why should we not be able to utter a similar boast about the Revised Version? Such a boast cannot be made at present. The cheapest edition is published at 3s. 6d.; and to the mass of poor people who do not, as a rule, read fluently, the smallness of the type is a serious drawback. The next size is pleasantly readable, but its price, 7s. 6d., is decidedly costly for poor people. In affairs of this sort there is an unconscious tendency to consult the convenience of the comfortable classes, and to ignore the poor. And for the same reason—viz., because we want the poor to be practically interested in the Revised Version—its use should be sanctioned in churches, so that those who do not read it may at all events hear it.

THE DUSTBIN NUISANCE.—Were it not for the futility of the endeavour, the public might expect some good to come from the present effort of Mr. Eassie and others to raise a storm against the great dustbin nuisance. That gentleman has taken the trouble to pen a long and exhaustive letter on the subject, showing that if householders and parish authorities would only take joint action, the evil might be remedied at once. That is perfectly true, but "first catch your hare." Mr. Eassie seems to be unaware that the

average householder regards the parish authorities as his mortal foes, and they him as a troublesome person who is beset by ridiculous crotchets. There would, indeed, be a delightful commotion throughout the metropolis if, as Mr. Eassie suggests, the authorities were to take upon themselves to make inquiry into the condition of dustbins both inside and outside private premises. An Englishman's house is his castle, and if he likes to accumulate abominations therein, who shall dare to say him nay? There is really only one practicable way to deal with the deadly nuisance. Let an Act or a by-law be passed, making it compulsory on every householder to provide himself with some metal receptacle of sufficient size to contain one day's domestic refuse. This could be placed outside early every morning, to await the arrival of the scavenger's cart, which would carry off the contents, leaving the empty receptacle behind him. In some of our leading thoroughfares this simple system is already adopted, with the best results, by many householders. The only thing required, therefore, is that either the Legislature or the Municipality should enforce its universal adoption. The dustbin is a hideous anachronism, and it shows how truly conservative the English people are that they still tolerate its hateful existence.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. EVERY NIGHT at 8.30, OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills. DR. PRIMROSE, MR. IRVING. OLIVIA, MISS ELLEN TERRY. Preceded at 7.45 by THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open 10 to 5. Seats can be booked one month in advance, and by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—THE LIGHTS OF LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims). EVERY EVENING at 7.45. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Huntley, Hudson, Doone, Elliott, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Bernage, Walton, &c., and George Barrett. Misses Emmeline Ormsby, Walton, Cook, Wilson, Garth, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box Office 9.30 till 5.0. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, the successful Play, in Four Acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by H. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlin, Mr. H. Beerholm-Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weathersby, Mr. Gratton, and Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Sterling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Dacre, and MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.15; PERIL, at 8.45. Preceded by, at 7.30, NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, by Tom Taylor. Carriages at Eleven. Box Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3,700.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton. Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at SEVEN, A SAILOR AND HIS LASS, by Robert Buchanan and Augustus Harris. Misses Elise Grey, Beatrice D'Almeida, Phillis Manners, Howe, Morgan, Pettifer; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Algernon Syms, W. Steadman, Stephenson, Bigwood, Lewis, Reynolds, Newbound, Howard. INCIDENTALS. Concluding with SCARLETT DICK.

BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, June 1, the CELEBRATED VOKES FAMILY.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The FIRST CONCERT will be given on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, June 4th, at Eight. Soloists, Miss Florence Perugini and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Solo violin, Mr. John Umney. The programme will include Motet for double choir, "In Exultation," S. S. Wesley. Organist, Mr. John C. Ward. Accompanist, Mr. J. G. Callcott. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, and usual agents.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
HOLIDAY PROGRAMME
A SIGN OF THE TIMES
from beginning to end.
All the new songs which were sung for the first time on Whit Monday having been received with the greatest enthusiasm by THE VAST AUDIENCES that crowded the ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL IN EVERY NOOK UPWARDS OF TEN THOUSAND PERSONS HAVING PAID FOR ADMISSION to the two performances on the day in question, The new programme will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, at THREE also.
The distinguished American Comedian and Humorist commences a brief engagement to-morrow (Monday).

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION. Group 13, No. 1390.—Dr. HARRY LOBB'S system of Medical Electrization. Batteries, Conductors, &c. Curative Electricity free by post 13 stamps, from Dr. LOBB, 66, Russell Square, London.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.—Horse-taming.—PROFESSOR H. SAMPLE, assisted by PROFESSOR GALVAYNE, will hold his CLASS OF INSTRUCTION EVERY AFTERNOON, at three o'clock. Members' Tickets, 45s. Any member is entitled to bring any of his horses to see the system tested. For full particulars apply at the Box Office.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

"THE LAST WATCH." THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE at British Gallery Pall Mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

HER MAJESTY'S Painted by F. SARJENT, 1885. This Historical Picture depicts the ceremony of a Presentation at Court in the present time. It contains portraits from special sittings of Her Majesty, their R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other Members of the Royal Family, the Court, Leading Ladies of Society, Ambassadors, Ministers, &c. On view at 175, New Bond Street, 10 till 6. Admission 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE HUNDRED AND THIRD EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, 5, Pall Mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI" by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

ZEUXIS AT CROTONA. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

NEW ENGRAVINGS NOW ON VIEW. THE DAY OF RECKONING. S. E. WALLER. AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. MARCUS STONE. A PRIOR ATTACHMENT. MARCUS STONE. THE SISTER'S KISS. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. WEDDED. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A LITTLE DUCHESS. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. FORBES ROBERTSON. THE POACHER. BRITON RIVIERE. LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. BRITON RIVIERE. FIRST WHISPER OF LOVE. L. ALMA TADEMA. PLEADING. L. ALMA TADEMA, &c. &c. Engravings of above on sale at 21s. each. OFFER OF MARRIAGE and COMPANION, 31s. 6d. each. THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS. GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

EPSOM RACES, June and, 3rd, 4th, and 5th.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Race Course), is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.

EPSOM DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First Class Ladies Waiting Rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS and CHEAP TRAINS between the above Stations on all Four Days of the Races, also Extra First Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

EPSOM TOWN STATION.—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Station will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington, and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Downs will be available to return from Epsom Town Station.

THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways to issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course.

The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, also at their City Offices, Hay's Agency, Cornhill, and Cook's, Ludgate Circus, where Tickets may also be obtained. The West End Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, June 1st, 2nd, and 4th. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued, as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a PORTRAIT of LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P., drawn from Life.

NOTICE.—Mr. Coleman's story, "CURLY," is concluded this week; and next week we shall publish the first portion of a Novelette (to be completed in two weeks) entitled "HOU-LA!" written by J. S. Winter, Author of "Boot's Baby," and illustrated by W. Ralston.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

A NIGHT ALARM AND FIRING RAILWAY SLEEPERS

ON May 6th our artist writes:—"From Otao the enemy has been seen in a party of several hundred between that place and Handoub, and I believe small parties of half-a-dozen, and two or three men even, are scattered about the plain in spite of our vedettes and cavalry patrols. Nothing, however, is undertaken by them to annoy us by daytime, although on the nights of the 29th and 30th April and the 1st May some Arabs were active on the line. On the night of the 29th they partially dug away the soil from underneath the rails and set fire to some spare sleepers lying about."

"On the 30th a party, probably the same, was surprised by Captain Beresford, R.E., with a company of the 53rd (Shropshire) Regiment. The troops were concealed in a corner of an old zeriba, about a hundred yards from the line. The night was moonlight, and eight of the men watched whilst the remainder rested. At about 2.30 Captain Beresford was informed there was the clink of somebody at work on the rails, and with difficulty the enemy were discerned some 300 yards distant. The men were roused quietly, and six picked men fired into the enemy's gang, with the result that the Arabs bolted, followed by another party who had hitherto remained concealed in the bushes. The Arabs only fired one shot. The following night a truck was roughly fitted out with iron plates as armour, and provided with bales of hay as seats. This, with the locomotive, is termed an armoured train. Fifteen Royal Engineers, commanded by a Major, and accompanied by an army surgeon and myself, got into the truck; the engine-driver and his assistant were provided with carbines and ammunition.

"At 9.30 we left the Redoubt, Suakim, and patrolled slowly towards Handoub, the moon was up bright and clear, nevertheless it was difficult to see by moonlight a hundred yards distant. A single man, if stationary, is invisible; of course, moving he can be seen at a greater distance.

"Handoub was reached at about two in the morning, as we moved slowly, stopping and watching half-hours at a time on the way. Nothing was seen though in the dim light, fancy occasionally transformed a stray water barrel into a nigger, and an old biscuit tin, reflecting the light of the moon into a fire. From Handoub we ran to Otao and back, and hardly had we reached Handoub again before we saw a great fire on the line towards Suakim.

"Away we went, puffing, jolting, and rattling along, keeping a sharp look-out on the rails for obstructions. The crow's-nest, four miles distant, was now being passed, the fires plainly visible right on the track. On we went, and seemed barely a quarter of a mile from the fire, when the men, who were eagerly craning over the truck, distinguished figures running in the bush. Unfortunately, owing to the pace the train was going, no fire was delivered. The train stopped close to the burning sleepers, which were methodically piled up. From this fact I don't doubt that some of the Arabs had been at work on our piers at Suakim, receiving pay and acting as spies. Ten men dismounted from the truck, and whilst three or four men worked vigorously with picks and shovels to clear away the obstruction, the remainder kept a sharp look out. Fortunately, the ground was open, and a look-out possible. One fire is cleared, and the engine moves on to the next. That is removed, and a third huge fire is discovered seventy yards beyond. Whilst at work an Arab is seen near the last fire, and several rifles are discharged, apparently with only the result of making him 'quit that.'

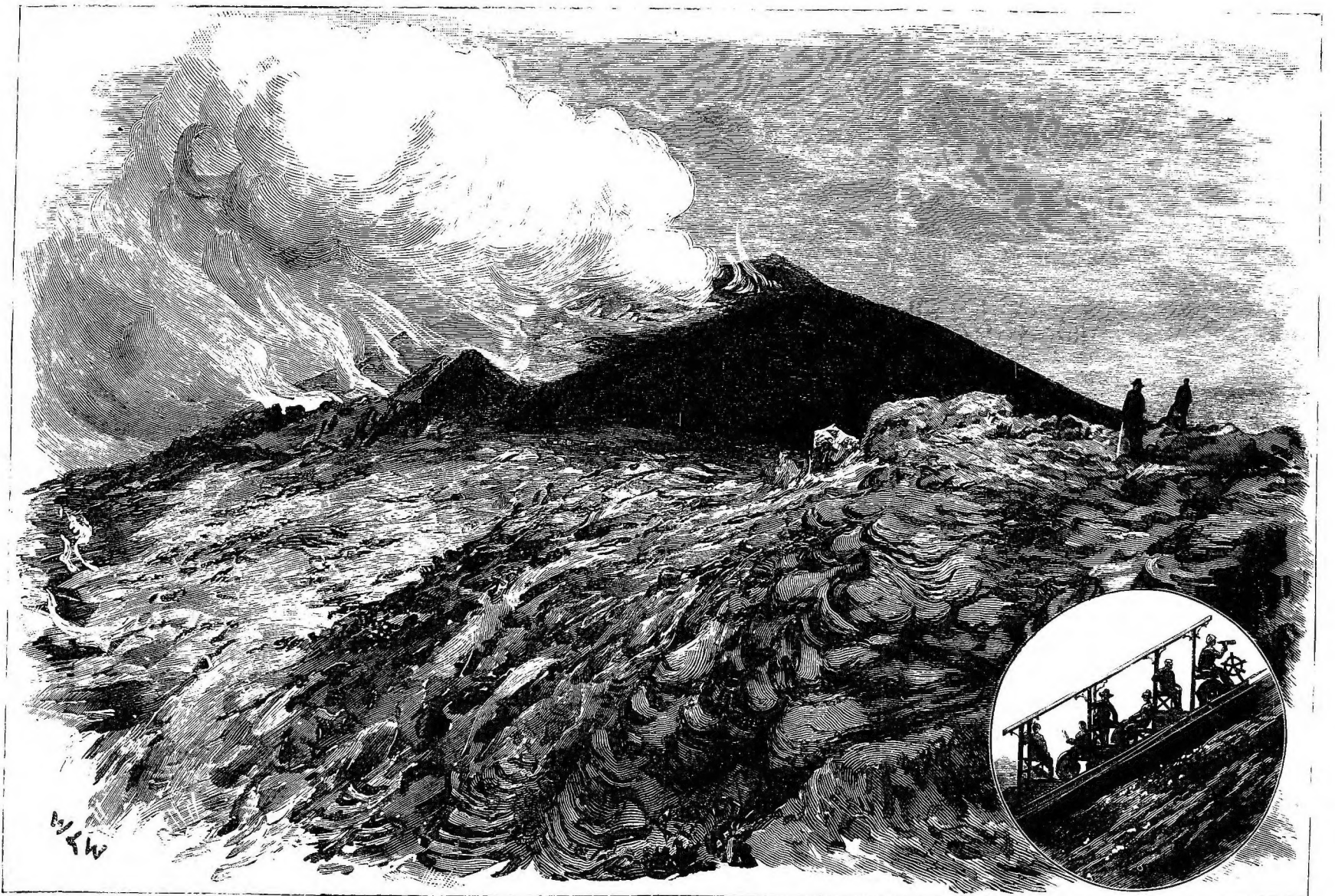
"It was an exciting time, and the men deserve all praise for their pluck and energy in removing the burning piles, when the bush, for what we knew, might have swarmed with Arabs. Had the latter all the enterprise for which some people here always give them credit, the little party would have had a rough time. However, the fires were pulled to pieces, and sand thrown on the smoking sleepers of the track, and the General and his Staff were enabled, as dawn broke, to take train for Handoub without being disturbed."

A RECONNAISSANCE AT SUAKIM

"THIS sketch represents the Mounted Infantry, under Captain Freeman, scouting with some friendly Amaras. Captain Molyneux, of General Graham's Intelligence Staff, accompanied. The moment chosen is when the leading scout arrived at a gap in the hills through which the path ran, and whence an expansive view of the mimosa-covered plain west of Hasheen was obtained. On one of two isolated knolls two of the enemy's camel men were seen on the look-out. Hence the precaution that was taken not to expose one's person too much to view. But as the 'friendly' Arabs stuck their bright yellow-coloured camel right on the top of the gap our precautions to remain unnoticed by the enemy were probably useless. A good number of Arabs have come in. They are allowed to retain their arms, and strut about the camp as they like. They also sneak about the bush on the plain, and place one in the

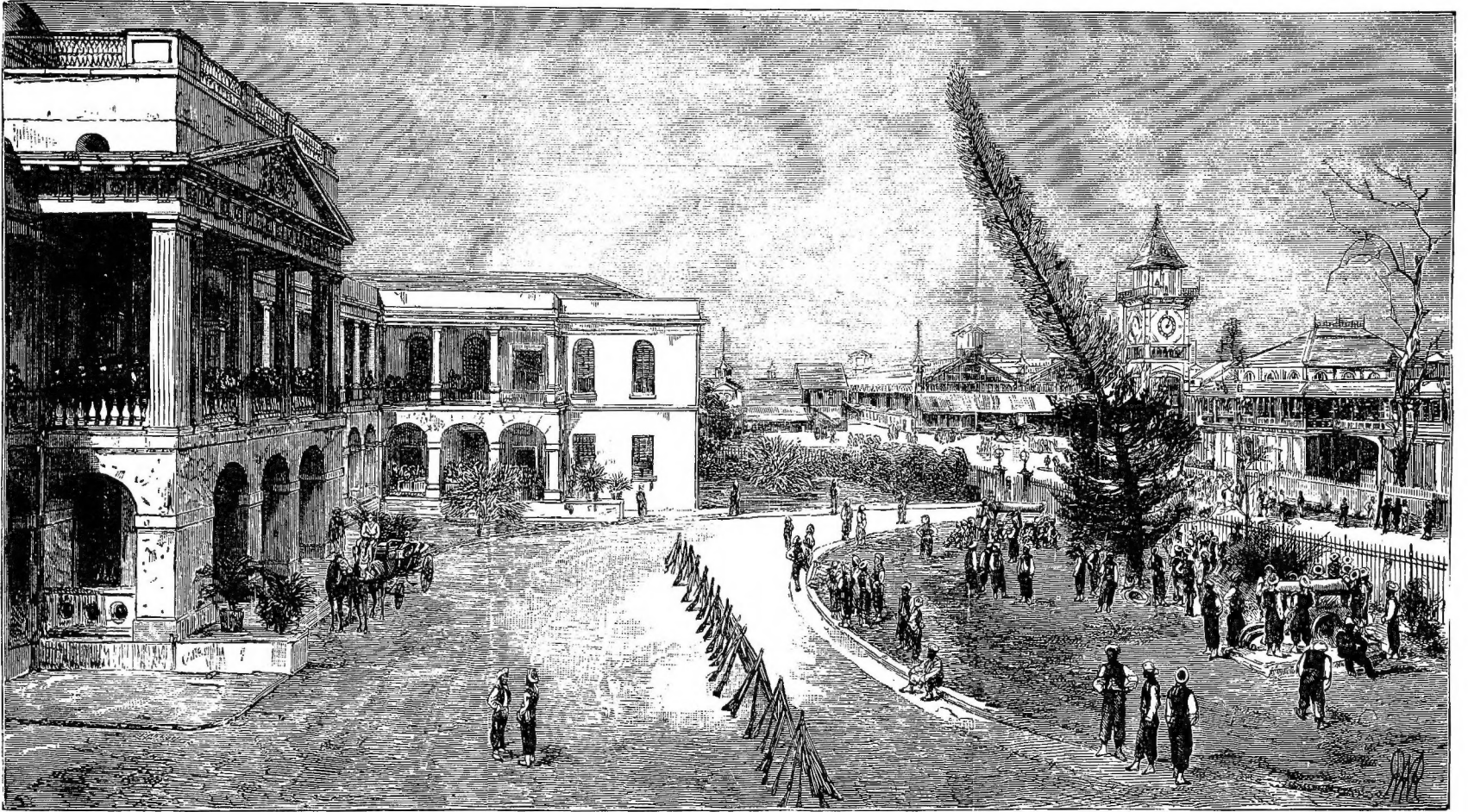


VICTOR HUGO AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN JEANNE AND GEORGES—A SKETCH IN THE POET'S STUDY-BEDCHAMBER
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ADRIEN MARIE



MOUNT VESUVIUS DURING THE RECENT ERUPTION
FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH

THE VESUVIUS RAILWAY



THE "PUBLIC BUILDINGS," GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, BRITISH GUIANA



1. Sirdar Georwan Ali Khan, Kassanadar.—2. Dilaur Khan Kassanjee (Paymaster) and Staff.—3. Sirdar Mahomad Alam Khan, Kubsheebashee.—4. General Dhoje Nursingh Rana Bahadoor, Goorkha Army, Nepaul.—5. General Khudjee Sumshere Jung, Nepaul Army.—6. Uzbég Lancers.—7. Golam Uaidar Khan, Commander-in-Chief, Afghanistan.—8. Colonel Kesur Singh, Nepaul Army.

IN CAMP AT THE RAWUL PINDI DURBAR

difficult position of choosing between running away from nothing perhaps, or of walking calmly in among a party of the enemy. Friendlies are supposed to wear red jackets, but certainly all do not. Hence the difficulty, even if all who come in are to be implicitly trusted, which troubles a solitary horseman."

LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S NOTE-BOOK

"CHUMS."—"It is a curious sight," writes the officer, "to see the English navvies and Indian natives working together on the railway line. The former huge, brawny, and bearded, looking down on the latter—thin, miserable-looking little fellows, with hardly anything on but an enormous turban."

"A Signal Station."—"These stations are built by the Engineers in an incredibly short time, and when the troops leave the zeriba they are taken to pieces, and are carried on camel-back to the next halting place. They are fenced in with a small zeriba, connected with the larger enclosure. It is found that the enemy fired at the camp at night, so a small chamber, protected with sandbags, was constructed. These stations make capital look-out places to observe the movements of the enemy in the thick bush."

"A Sentry Grenadier Guard."—"The clothes worn by our men give them an appearance which would scarcely please the eye of those accustomed to see them at home. The sun 'totee' is a useful but not a beautiful head-dress, and it is impossible to instil any smartness into the Khakee suit."

"The Guards' Mounted Infantry" are mounted on small ponies which have been brought expressly from India. They are excellent little steeds, but seem hardly up to the weight of some of our stalwart men when fully equipped and carrying forage, &c."

"General Graham and the Friendlies."—"The General went to Otao, Handoub, and Zain, to visit the garrisons. At Otao he found a party of about 150 Amaras waiting to receive him. They were drawn up in two lines, and Mahmoud himself was standing at the end. When the General rode in Mahmoud advanced and shook hands with him, the natives all raising an arm as a salute. There were some negroes amongst them, but the majority were tall, well-formed men, with very good features, though nearly black. Mahmoud, from his ugliness, we call the baboon. Each man had two spears, a shield, and some carried a long sword."

ROYAL VISIT TO NETLEY

On the afternoon of Saturday, May 16th, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, went to Netley Hospital to visit the sick and wounded soldiers who have recently returned from the Soudan. Upon the arrival of the Royal party about fifty of the surgeons on probation in dark blue and gold undress uniform, under Surgeon McLaughlin, were drawn up in line opposite the central pavilion; and a large company also were assembled at the porch and in the handsome hall, which is used as a museum. Proceeding up the noble staircase, which is adorned with a marble bas-relief in memory of the officers of the medical staff who have fallen in some of the recent campaigns, the Royal party first visited the apartments of Mrs. Deebles, Lady Superintendent of the Nursing Sisters, and then made a tour of the medical division, the convalescent soldiers being ranged in line in the corridor, a warm and pleasant passage ornamented with palms and foliage plants, and the windows of which overlook Southampton Water. The Royal visitors next inspected the division containing the wounded, Her Majesty speaking to most of the patients, who are principally from Hasheen and McNeill's Zeriba. One sufferer, Private George Marshall, of the 1st Berkshire Regiment, whose left leg had been amputated, particularly attracted the attention of Her Majesty, who went to his bedside and asked how he was getting on. The Queen afterwards visited the sick officers' quarters. The total number of sick and wounded in Netley Hospital at the time of the Royal visit was 679, of whom 71 wounded and 146 sick were from the Soudan and Egypt.

THE RECENT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

On the evening of the 2nd inst. Mount Vesuvius began to give very decided signs of one of the periodical eruptions which are habitual with the Neapolitan volcano. Copious and active streams of lava rolled forth from three mouths which had opened below the principal crater, close to the upper station of the Funicular Railway. In the neighbourhood of the line between the railway terminus and the mouths of the volcano several crevasses appeared, so that at one time it seemed likely that the whole upper portion of the cone might possibly crumble in at any moment. The danger, indeed, was so great that the authorities prohibited all night ascents of the mountain. The lava streams, although sluggish, reached the plain during the night, as far as the cultivated fields between the two towns of Torre del Greco and Torre Annunziata, in the district known as the Camandoli. Our engravings are from sketches by Signor Nicolo Lazzaro, who writes:—"Everything points to this eruption having been one of those which occurs periodically, and which precedes a great eruption. For the moment there is relative calm."

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN

READERS of Victor Hugo's later works must be familiar with the names of Jeanne and Georges, the children of Charles Hugo, the eldest son of the poet, who died in 1871. Even before their father's death these children were the idols of their grandfather, who found space amid his scathing denunciations of Prussia and touching descriptions of Paris at bay in the *Année Terrible* to address a little birthday ode to "Petite Jeanne" on Sept. 30, 1870:

Vous eûtes donc hier un an ma bien-aimée.

Vous avez pris pour naître une heure singulière;
Vous êtes, Jeanne, avec les terreurs familières;
Vous souriez devant tout un monde aux abois;
Vous faites votre bruit d'abeille dans les bois,
O Jeanne, et vous mêlez votre charmant murmure
Au grand Paris faisant sonner sa grande armure.

Again in the following July, when bitterly lamenting his son's death, he apostrophises the children:

Georges est l'arbuste éclos dans mon lugubre champ;
Jeanne dans sa corolle
Cache un esprit tremblant à nos bruits et tâchant
De prendre la parole.

And subsequently in a verse which bears especial interest at the present time:

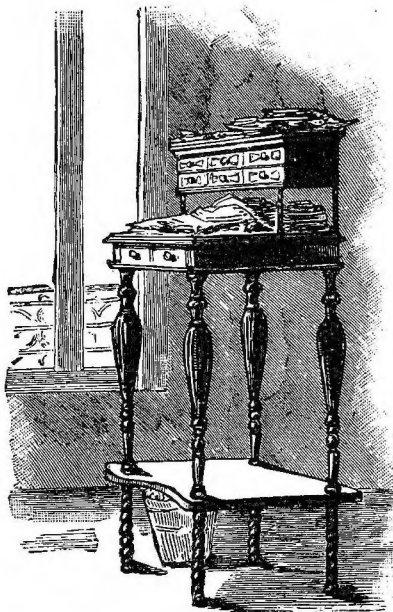
Moi-même un jour, après la mort, je connaîtrai
Mon destin que j'ignore,
Et je me pencherai sur vous, tout pénétré
De mystère et d'aurors.

Victor Hugo was ever fond of children. Some of his most touching passages treat of infantile characteristics and doings. When in exile at Guernsey the poet was wont to entertain weekly parties of a score or upwards of the poorer class, and he seems to have concentrated all the thoughts of his last years upon Jeanne and Georges. Thus one of his most recent works is "L'Art d'Être Grandpère," in which he acknowledges his affectionate weakness:

Moi qu'un petit enfant rend tout à fait stupide,
J'en ai deux; Georges et Jeanne; et je prends l'un pour guide
Et l'autre pour lumière, et j'accours à leur voix.

Georges is fourteen months senior to Jeanne, who is now a little over fifteen years old. Their mother, who since the death of her

husband has kept house for Victor Hugo, has married M. Lockroy, the well-known Radical deputy. The children were constantly with their grandfather, and formed a prominent feature at all his receptions. Indeed his closing thoughts were of them, his last words



being "Adieu, Jeanne!"—Our illustration is from a sketch made by M. Adrien Marie in the poet's study-bedroom, where he was wont to do his work, and annexed is a sketch of his desk, at which he was accustomed to write standing.

THE "PUBLIC BUILDINGS," DEMERARA

OUR views show the appearance of the "Public Buildings," at Georgetown, Demerara, the capital city of the British colony of British Guiana, on the occasion of the opening of the "Combined Court." This Assembly meets every year to deal with the estimates of expenditure, and to raise the ways and means required. It is presided over by the Governor for the time being, and the other members comprise the four official members of the Court of Policy; the five "colonial" members of the same body; and six "financial representatives." The colonial, or "elective" members of the Court of Policy, as they are frequently wrongfully termed, are planters or landed proprietors, "selected" as vacancies arise from "nominations" made by the "College of Electors;" this College, and the third section of the Combined Court, who go to form the "College of Financial Representatives," are elected by the people entitled to the franchise, such as it is. This peculiar form of Legislative Assembly is a relic of the old Dutch Constitution. The Court of Policy meets whenever summoned by the Governor, usually once a fortnight, and here the Government always commands a majority. The representatives of the people, however, predominate, in the proportion of eleven to five, in the Combined Court. The annual sessions of this Court are opened with as much ceremonial as can be obtained in a city like Georgetown. A detachment of the West Indian Regiment located at the time at the garrison is drawn up in the quadrangle of the public buildings, along with the native band of the colonial militia, a force, it may be remarked, that principally exists "on paper," although enrolment is compulsory on all colonists. The "galleries" of the Buildings are free to all respectable members of society who care to witness the opening proceedings of the Combined Court, and the portico "gallery," which commands the best view of the Governor's arrival, is generally the most popular point of vantage. The Governor on such State occasions wears the lace-bedizened uniform and feathered hat which denote his rank and office, and His Excellency is usually attended by either his Private Secretary or Aide-de-Camp, and the Commandant of the troops. On arrival the "National Anthem" is played by the band, the Governor is met in the portico by the Executive members of the Legislature, and escorted upstairs to the "Court of Policy Hall," situate at the extreme end of the abutting section of the building, on the second floor. The large doors are open in the sketch. Here, when the Combined Court has been constituted, and lady spectators have been accommodated with chairs, and the general public accommodated as far as the limited space will permit, His Excellency reads his "Speech," and the Session is considered duly commenced, although a week generally elapses before the actual business is taken in hand. The curiously curved tree around which the soldiery are gathered is described by the Government botanist (Mr. G. S. Jenman, late of Jamaica, and formerly of Kew, London) as a specimen of the New Caledonia pine, *A. Cookii*. His Excellency's departure from the Buildings after the adjournment of the Court is marked by a somewhat similar ceremonial to that which greeted his arrival.—Our views are taken from photographs by Messrs. Norton, Bros., and Co., of Georgetown.

THE CAMP AT RAWUL PINDI

RARELY has any assemblage presented so heterogeneous an appearance as the recent conference at Rawul Pindi between the Viceroy and the Ameer of Afghanistan. The Ameer's followers and escort presented a strange contrast in themselves, while the retinues of the native chiefs and of the delegates from Nepaul and Hyderabad, the varied uniforms of our native and of our own British troops, all served to make up a perfect kaleidoscope of human beings. Of the types shown in our illustrations, which are engraved from photographs by Fry and Rahn, of Lucknow, the chief is undoubtedly Golan Uaidar Khan, the Sipah Sindak, or Commander-in-Chief of Afghanistan. This officer is a Ghilzai, is of great stature, and has fought against us, having commanded at Ali Musjid during the attack of General Sam Browne. He also played a leading part in the fighting about Cabul, and led the Afghans in the second action at Charasiab, when the Gordon Highlanders and Guides under the command of Colonel Jenkins were attacked. His powers of organisation have been highly praised, and the officers under him are described as smart, active, intelligent men, quite at home with their wild-looking soldiers. Of these, we are told, the most trusted are the Usbegs, as the Ameer does not repose unhesitating confidence in his own countrymen. The Usbegs are drawn from Badakshan, where Abdul Rahman spent many years of his exile, and married the daughter of the Mir, a powerful Usbeg chieftain. Their troops are irregular cavalry. They are of the Mongolian type—repulsive, but not particularly savage in appearance. They wear a yellow cloth coat girt round with a leather belt, in which are stuck knives and pistols, and also carry tulwars and muzzle-loading carbines. Their head-dress is invariably a sheepskin bushy, which adds to the natural wildness of their appearance, long black wool streaming over their eyes and down either side of their faces. Of the other

personages represented some belong to the Ameer's staff, while others came to represent Nepaul at the the Durbar, noteworthily a General of the Ghoorkas, of which gallant troops the Nepaulese have offered a detachment of 15,000 to be placed under the leadership of British officers.

COSTUME BALL AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE

THE Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours intended last year to give a grand costume ball to celebrate the opening of the new galleries in Piccadilly, but at the last moment the realisation of the plan was prevented by the death of the Duke of Albany. The entertainment which was thus postponed took place on Tuesday, May 19th, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and of other members of the Royal Family. Great pains were expended in making the ball as characteristic and interesting as possible. Every guest was expected to attend in "a costume of a historical period before 1837," but the chief feature of the evening was "The Masque of Painters," a series of tableaux illustrating the history of Art from the time of Phidias to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Explanatory verses were written by Mr. Edmund Gosse in a manner pleasantly recalling the masque-writers of the seventeenth century, and these verses were recited by Virgil (personated by Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson), called up for the occasion from the Shades to act as Chorus.

At 9 P.M. the guests began to arrive, and while they admired each other's costumes and waited for the arrival of the Royal party the band of the Grenadier Guards discoursed sweet music. At ten the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the rest of the Royal visitors, reached the hall, and presently took their places on the dais. Then, after a flourish of trumpets from the four Royal trumpeters, the tableaux began.

The curtain rose and discovered an altar, beside which Virgil stood in a scarlet robe, with a crown of laurel on his head and a staff in his hand. He described how his sacred slumbers had been disturbed by the blare of trumpets, and how he had come forth by Athenes's hill to explain the pageantry which was to unfold the "pedigree of Art."

The curtain then fell, and after music had sounded as before, the inner scene opened and revealed part of a street in Athens (arranged by Mr. A. Sacheverell-Coke). On the right hand scaffolding was placed against a building. Among loose blocks of marble in the foreground Pericles (Mr. John Fulleylove) was seen consulting Ictinus the architect (Mr. H. M. Paget), and Phidias the sculptor (Mr. John Nettleship), respecting the details of the Parthenon. Zeuxis (Mr. John Scott) appeared on the left hand, conversing with some Athenian ladies. Next followed an Italian scene, designed by Mr. Walter Crane; and then a German group, arranged by Mr. James D. Linton. This tableau displayed the interior of a studio, in which Albrecht Dürer (Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A.) was explaining to the Emperor Maximilian (Mr. R. J. Stock) his print, called the "Triumph" of that potentate. In the group supporting the Emperor were Holbein (Mr. H. Stevens), Peter Visscher (Mr. James Orrock), and Lucas Cranach (Mr. E. M. Wimperis). This was successively followed by a French scene arranged by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, and a Spanish scene, arranged by Mr. Seymour Lucas.

Then came a Dutch tableau, designed by Mr. T. Walter Wilson and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. The scene represented an old Dutch house and garden in Haarlem, once the house of Franz Hals and of Jan Van der Meer. On the right were a group drinking and talking around a table—Rembrandt lifting his glass to Cuyp, Ostade and Teniers watching a game of bowls.

The last tableau was arranged by Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mr. Charles Green, and represented a hemicycle in a pyramidal shape, rising between columns. At the summit stood Charles I. (Mr. Arthur Lucas) in hunting costume, while Queen Henrietta Maria (Miss Florence Cotton) sat just below watching Vandyck (Mr. Alfred Mason) painting the portrait of the King. Behind the Queen stood Prince Rupert (Mr. Arthur Hacker), and on successive steps, broadening to the base, were Hogarth (Mr. C. M. Barker), standing aloof from the others, Sir Joshua Reynolds (Mr. R. R. Collins) conversing with Angelica Kauffmann (Miss Alma Tadema), and Gainsborough (Mr. W. S. Stacey).

After Virgil had declaimed a few more graceful verses, the characters filed off the stage, two and two, and passed up into the picture galleries, the Royal party and the other guests following, and remaining there till the hall was cleared, when dancing began, and was continued till a late hour in the morning. The scene from beginning to end was one which has seldom been surpassed for picturesqueness.

We may mention that the Institute have arranged for a second performance of the Tableaux, entitled "A Masque of Painters," in the Kensington Town Hall on Wednesday-evening next, June 3, at 9.30. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be obtained of Messrs. Chappell and Co., New Bond Street, or of the Secretary of the Royal Institute at the Galleries, Piccadilly.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P.

See page 539.

"CURLY"

AN ACTOR'S STORY, by John Coleman, illustrated by J. C. Dollman, is concluded this week.

"BOLTED"

MR. CHARLTON's spirited picture delineates an incident which is unfortunately by no means of uncommon occurrence in Rotten Row. In such a frequented spot sights and noises are constantly occurring which are liable to terrify a nervous horse, and send him tearing off, whether he neither knows nor cares. The poor girl in our picture, but for the timely arrival of the gallant officer of police, would be in imminent danger, for she is just in the act of fainting, and, if she were thus to lose her balance, her foot might be caught in the stirrup, and being thus dragged along by the terrified animal, she would be doomed to disfigurement, and possibly death. Fortunately, however, though riding misadventures are common enough, serious accidents therefrom resulting are comparatively rare.

ICE IN THE ATLANTIC is unusually plentiful and dangerous this spring, the ocean between lat. 41 deg. and 50 deg. and long. W. 45 deg. and 50 deg. being literally packed with icebergs and floes, according to a competent authority. Vessels arriving on both sides tell serious tales of damage and narrow escapes. Thus, while the Inman liner *City of Berlin* suffered a severe collision with a huge berg—happily without worse disaster than stove-in bows, &c.—a Dundee vessel experienced a most alarming sixty hours in an ice-field. A rapid fall of temperature and a dense fog suddenly showed one night that ice was near, and soon the ship was surrounded by a huge wall of ice, through which the Captain sought in vain all next day for a southward passage. Vast ice-fields stretched on every side, interspersed with bergs from 700 to 1,000 feet high, and the floes threatened every moment to crush the steamer. All night long the vessel was obliged to steam backwards and forwards to resist the attractive power of the ice, and next day the prospect remained equally hopeless, until suddenly a wide passage opened before the ship, and she steamed through safely, soon leaving all trace of ice behind. This ice-field lay right in the direct highway between England and America.



SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE began on Wednesday at Brautten a visit to his constituents in North Devon. He spoke of the misdeeds of the Government, and of what such Conservative statesmen as Sir Robert Peel and Lord Beaconsfield had done, the former for Free Trade, the latter for the Extension of the Suffrage, in order to dispel the notion that the Liberals possess a monopoly of Liberalism.

THERE HAVE BEEN RUMOURS that the opposition to the increase of the duties on spirits and beer will induce the Government to modify essentially the Budget proposals in regard to them. But no confirmation of these reports is to be gathered from the language of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when acknowledging the receipt of resolutions in favour of that increase carried at a public meeting at Newcastle. Mr. Childers, whose health is rapidly improving, speaks of the Newcastle resolutions as strengthening his hands in a tone which leaves little doubt as to his determination to persevere with his proposal to increase the drink duties.

IN SPITE OF THE ALLEGED CERTAINTY of a peaceful settlement of the Russo-Afghan boundary dispute, there has been a partial resumption of war preparations. The arming of the cruisers at Liverpool taken up by the Government is, after being apparently suspended, now sedulously proceeded with, and orders have been received at that port from the Admiralty for the speedy preparation of all the vessels hired for transport service. The dockyard authorities at Portsmouth have been asked by the Transport Department which two of the Indian troopships can be made ready for service about the middle of June, three months in advance of the usual time of beginning the reliefs.

A FLEET OF TWENTY VESSELS, representing all classes of Her Majesty's ships, is to assemble at Portland on the 6th of June, under the command of Admiral Hornby, and to proceed on a cruise to Pantry Bay, where will be fully tested their manœuvring capabilities and actual utility in case of war. There is some talk of a naval review at Spithead before the Squadron is dispersed.

AT GLASGOW, on Tuesday, Admiral Hamilton and an officer of the Royal Engineers, on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, conferred with a number of local gentlemen in the office of Mr. John Burns, the well-known shipowner, on the measures to be taken for the immediate defence of the estuary of the Clyde. The representatives of the Government having communicated their views, an interesting discussion took place. A public meeting is to be held in Glasgow, on Monday, to consider what should be done.

MORE THAN A CENTURY has elapsed since the poet Gray died at Cambridge, but it is only this week that a memorial of him has been placed in the University of which he was an ornament. A marble statue of him, by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, in the hall of Pembroke, the college in which he died, was unveiled on Tuesday by Lord Houghton, himself a Cambridge man, to whom, and to Mr. Edmund Gosse, the recent editor of Gray's works, the movement which produced the necessary funds is due. Appropriate speeches were made by the Master of Pembroke, Lord Houghton, Mr. Gosse, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. J. Russell Lowell, who said that, this being probably the last occasion on which he would have an opportunity of addressing an English audience, he wished to express his heartfelt gratitude for the kindness which had surrounded him, both in his official and his private life. He had come to us as a far-off cousin; he felt that we were sending him away as something like a brother.

SIR HERBERT LLOYD WATKINS WILLIAM WYNN has been returned without opposition as one of the members for Denbighshire, in succession to his uncle, the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.

MR. BURDETT COUTTS has been adopted as the Conservative candidate for the Abbey division of Westminster.

MR. SWAINSON, the victim of the explosion at the Admiralty, is now convalescent, and has left St. Thomas's Hospital for Broadstairs.

THE CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS has been sitting this week at Oldham, the head-quarters of productive as distinguished from distributive co-operation. One of the most interesting of the subjects discussed was the desirability of applying to productive co-operation a portion of the surplus funds which have been accumulated by distributive societies, and which they find a difficulty in investing profitably. A committee of investigation was directed to formulate a scheme of productive co-operation. In a paper subsequently read by a Dewsbury delegate on productive co-operation, the imposition of duties on foreign manufactures was advocated, but the proposal met with little approval.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE BEAUMONT INSTITUTION for the technical education and recreation of the inhabitants of East London, more than once referred to in this column, are about to make a start in their enterprise. They have 12,000*l.* at their disposal, but require for the complete execution of their plans 100,000*l.* Towards this sum the Drapers' Company have given 20,000*l.* conditionally on the subscription of at least another 20,000*l.* for the Library and Reading Rooms, which are parts of the scheme. The Honorary Secretary of the Trustees is Mr. A. Brownlow, 28, Commercial Street, E.

ADDRESSING A NATIONALIST MEETING in County Carlow, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., made the somewhat suggestive statement that, in his opinion, the Government intended a week ago to grant Lord Spencer a much more stringent Crimes Act than they intend now; and that, by the time Parliament meets again, this measure will be whittled down to a very fine point. At the Nationalist meetings, cheers for General Komaroff accompany those which, as usual, are given for the Mahdi.

THE EXPENSES OF MR. HENRY GEORGE'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND to foment the discontent of the Highland Crofters, and otherwise to promote the cause of Land Nationalisation, are not defrayed, out of pure philanthropy, by himself, nor is his advocacy given gratuitously. At the first annual meeting, held this week at Glasgow, of the Scottish Land Restoration League, it was stated that "the Prophet of California" had received 400*l.* for travelling expenses to and from America and in Scotland and also as honorarium.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his forty-fifth year, of the Earl of Huntingdon; of Major Awdry, R.E., Private Secretary to the Governor of Madras, Mr. Grant Duff; at Accra, from fever, in his fifty-eighth year, of Sir W. A. G. Young, British Governor of the Gold Coast; at the advanced age of eighty-seven, of General Thomas Polwhele, a veteran Anglo-Indian officer, who had seen much service in the Bengal Army, eldest surviving son of the well-known Cornish antiquary and local historian, the Rev. R. Polwhele of Polwhele; in about his seventy-sixth year, of Mr. Rearden, formerly a house agent in Piccadilly, who as a Liberal represented Athlone from 1868; in his thirty-sixth year, of Mr. Evelyn Douglas Jerrold, son of the late Blanchard Jerrold, and grandson of Douglas Jerrold, an active journalist, and occasional con-

tributor to the *Graphic*, who has left incomplete a biography of Balzac, the novelist; in his forty-second year, of Mr. J. P. Latimer, formerly on the Parliamentary staff of the *Times*, and for a brief period Editor of *Hansard*, at the time of his death Deputy-Stipendiary Magistrate of the West Ham Police Court; of the Rev. T. W. Webb, Vicar of Hardwick and Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and, besides having been a contributor to a number of periodicals, the author of "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes," "Christmas and Easter Carols," and a continuation of the Rev. J. Webb's "Civil War in Herefordshire;" in his fifty-second year, of Dr. Thorburn, Professor of Obstetric Medicine in Owens College, Manchester; and at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, at the advanced age of eighty, of Mr. John Colquhoun, author of several agreeable works on angling and field sports, the best known of which is "The Moor and the Loch."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, in addition to other endowments of nature, possesses the priceless gift of youth. Whilst he is to-day with a single exception the foremost man in the Conservative party, he is only in his thirty-sixth year. That, of course, is not remarkable as compared with the swift advance of William Pitt or of Charles James Fox—whom, by the way, in his earlier Parliamentary aspect Lord Randolph Churchill much resembles. But it is a great deal, and, given health and strength, no one can limit the journey of a man who has gone so far whilst he may still be counted a youth. Lord Randolph's personal appearance and manner do not belie his years. Oppressed with the cares of State, watchful of Mr. Gladstone, distrustful of Sir Stafford Northcote, charged with the education of Lord Salisbury, he is when out of harness as light-hearted and frolicsome as a lad at school. It was only a year or two ago, whilst deeply engaged with the defence of national religion as assailed and affronted by Mr. Bradlaugh, he undertook a task of quite a different order, the accomplishment of which testified to his courage and his indomitable character. At dinner one night, some one expressed doubt of the possibility of running across Westminster Bridge what time Big Ben tolled the quarters and rang out midnight. "I'll do it," said Lord Randolph; and he did.

Lord Randolph Churchill entered Parliament in 1874, on the crest of the wave of Tory reaction. He sits for Woodstock, a family possession that went with Blenheim. For some time he came and went, unnoticed and not appearing to take notice. In those days, as became the son of a Duke who was also a colleague in the Ministry, he took up a position immediately behind the Government, and though he did not take kindly to long debates, the Whip had nothing to complain of in respect to his attention to divisions. It was Sir Charles Dilke who first stirred Parliamentary impulses within him, and it was Mr. Scater-Booth who completed his emancipation from the obscurity of a back bench where he sat amid stout and sleepy squires, whose Parliamentary functions were fulfilled when they had cheered a Minister or called out "Oh! oh!" or "No! no!" to an Opposition speaker. Sir Charles Dilke was also making his way in those days. One method he had hit upon for securing a Parliamentary position was to attack Unreformed Corporations, which lie apart from the great English highways, perpetuating quaint customs diverse in development, but all leading to the local authority, once a year or oftener, enjoying a bountiful dinner for which they do not pay. The withers of Woodstock were not unwrung in this connection, and the noble lord who represents the borough gallantly came forward to its defence. Very few knew him when he rose the first time to move an amendment to Sir Charles Dilke's Resolution. But he instantly attracted attention. There was in this, his maiden speech, the same *insouciance*, the same recklessness, and the same fresh way of looking at and saying things which now charm the House of Commons and the public. This duel between Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Randolph Churchill came to be a sort of annual treat to which the House looked forward with increasing interest, and on the night fixed for the debate the benches were as crowded as if Mr. Disraeli were expected to speak.

But it was Mr. Scater-Booth who was the unconscious and altogether involuntary means of bringing out Lord Randolph. There are stories told of tiger-cubs taken into households and made pets of. For a year or two their conduct is irreproachable. By accident they taste blood; thereafter Nature asserts itself, and at a bound they rise from toys to tigers. Thus it was with Lord Randolph Churchill. Mr. Scater-Booth, then President of the Local Government Board, had brought in a Bill dealing with County Government. Having made his speech, the right hon. gentleman sat on the Treasury Bench in his familiar attitude of self-complacency, sunning himself in the consciousness that he had done a piece of good work. When Lord Randolph Churchill rose, he naturally concluded that he was about to hear his praises hymned and his Bill extolled. But Lord Randolph fell tooth and nail upon Bill and author. The former he described as "stuffed with all the little dodges of a President of a Local Government Board when he comes to legislate upon a great question." As to Mr. Scater-Booth himself, Lord Randolph observed confidentially to the amused and delighted House that it was "remarkable how often we find mediocrity going about with a double-barrelled name." Lord Randolph Churchill was never the same man after this. He had tasted the delight of suddenly smiting pompous officialism, of flouting his own titular leaders, and readers of Parliamentary debates know to what extent the habit formed on this memorable occasion has developed.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that Lord Randolph Churchill is a mere political *gamin*. He has in remarkable degree the far-reaching, keen, political sight which distinguished Mr. Disraeli. He has also Mr. Disraeli's bold scorn of conventionalism, and, like his prototype, is not to be barred from, upon occasion, flinging a slice of Liberal policy because the party to which he belongs happens to call itself Conservative. He has already fought a good fight against the traditional internal policy of the Conservative party, and, in spite of overwhelming influences, has, single-handed, conquered. What else he will do when he gets the chance remains to be written. But, speaking from the Conservative side, he has but lately announced his willingness to see the experiment tried of Ireland being governed under the ordinary law. Two other things which he possesses in common with Mr. Disraeli are, an instinctive knowledge of what the House of Commons likes, and the power of saying the right thing in the right way. A man may be as omniscient as Mr. Courtney or as high an authority on finance as Mr. Hubbard, and yet the House of Commons will not stay to listen to him. If Lord Randolph Churchill chose to chatter on the Budget, or even on Proportional Representation, he would have a full audience, who would be rewarded by hearing something fresh.

Lord Randolph began in the Disraelian Parliament; by rapid strides he advanced to a foremost place in the Gladstonian Parliament. In the Reformed Parliament, for which preparations are already being made, his permanent place in history will be fixed. That he will not fail to fulfil the highest expectation is a belief most firmly held by those who know him best. From time to time he shocks the world by some such freak as his recent letter about Lord Granville. But these are merely the bubbles on the top. Beneath there runs a current of strong well-defined purpose, which will not be baulked by any difficulties, nor shirk any labour in order to attain its end.

HENRY W. LUCY



A SHAKESPEARIAN SOCIETY has been formed in New York to promote Shakespearian study and publications. All literature bearing on the subject is to be gathered into a vast library.

THE BRITISH MINT last year struck 56,363,301 "good pieces" for Great Britain and the Colonies, their value amounting to 3,157,966*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*—a considerable increase on the previous year.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT has been forbidden by the German Government to act in any part of Alsace-Lorraine. The official prohibition states that the actress has herself closed the doors of all German theatres by her open hostility towards the Empire, and her want of tact.

A NATURAL HISTORY FANCY BALL is to be given in Paris next Tuesday by the Princesse de Sagan. All the lady guests are requested to appear as birds or insects, while the gentlemen must wear the heads and bodies of divers animals, although their legs may be clad in ordinary evening dress.

THE AUSTRALIANS are discussing the effect of the climate on the physique of children born and brought up in the Colonies in comparison with that of Europeans. A New South Wales journal points out triumphantly that the average height of the men composing the Volunteer Contingent to the Sudan is over 5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in., which exceeds the general average of English regiments.

THE SLAVE MART may be seen nowadays in free, Republican Switzerland. At Bienne, in Canton Berne, the public crier lately hired out four children of a widowed mother to the lowest bidder, to prevent the family becoming a burden on the public funds. The little ones, ages varied between eight and two years, and they were hired for from 2*l.* 15*s.* to 1*l.* 2*s.* for the remainder of the year.

EXISTING PRECAUTIONS AGAINST DYNAMITE will avail little against a wonderful war balloon planned by an American officer, and which is to be constructed as a novel experiment in warfare. This formidable air-ship is intended to drop masses of dynamite into fortifications or ships as it sails safely above. The "Dirigible War-Balloon" is to be cigar-shaped, 66 feet long and pointed at both ends, while, independent of the ordinary winds, it will be moved by compressed air at a speed of thirty miles an hour, and can be steered in any direction.

ALPINE ACCIDENTS have begun early this season. An English officer attempted the ascent of Mount Pilatus from Hergiswyl early this month without a guide, though warned by an experienced mountaineer that the fresh snow and frequent avalanches were highly dangerous. He has never reappeared, and a body of guides who went in search of the traveller found no trace whatever, and were nearly overwhelmed by an avalanche. The weather in Switzerland, as well as in Southern Germany and Austria, has been most severe this spring. Snow and rain have fallen heavily throughout May, and such a wintry season has not been known for forty years.

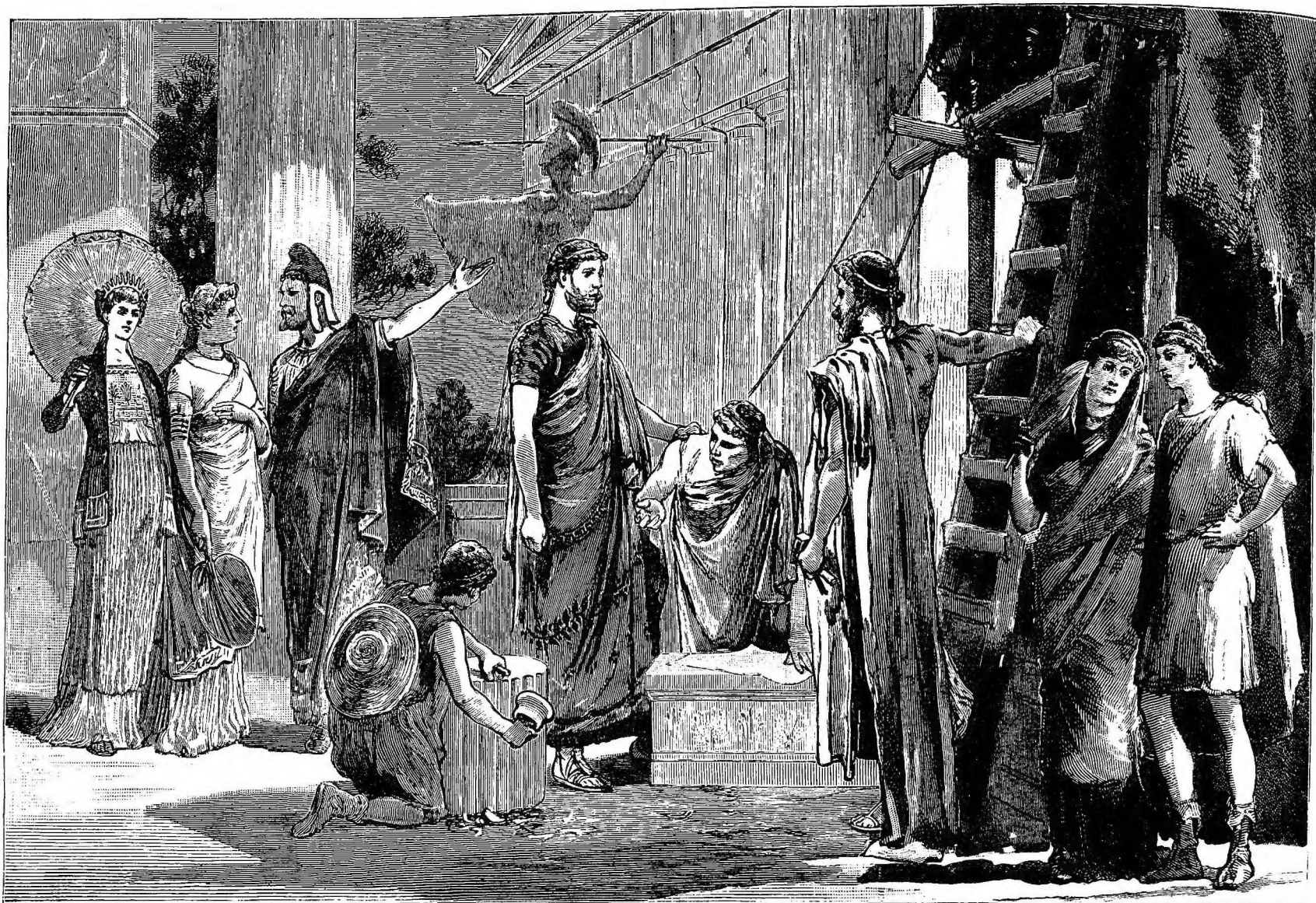
THE FAMILY MUSEUM of the German Imperial House was nearly destroyed last week, the Palais of Monbijou, near Berlin, having caught fire. For the last century and a half Monbijou has been a country seat of the Hohenzollern Monarchs, and in later years was fitted up to contain the relics and souvenirs of the reigning dynasty. Frederick the Great's furniture, musical instruments, and clothes were amongst the greatest treasures in Monbijou, together with the table from St. Cloud, at which Napoleon III. is said to have signed the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870. Happily the collection is only slightly injured by water, although the Palace itself was seriously burnt.

AN INDIAN AMAZONIAN CORPS has been offered to the British Government by the Dowager Maharanee of Baroda in the event of war. She states in a letter to the Viceroy that "the fighting capabilities and horsemanship of the Mahratta ladies are no secret," and that the offer can be carried out at the shortest notice, further hoping that "it will prove a precedent to the ladies of India and England, and show the prowess with which the race of females is capable of bearing arms, and that we can fight side by side with the military forces of the Empire." Some of our strong-minded British advocates for Women's Rights might take the hint of this loyal native, and equip a detachment of English Amazons as a proof of the equality with the stronger sex that they talk so much about.

THE CHOLERA INOCULATION EXPERIMENTS carried on in Spain by a Valencia doctor have been abruptly stopped by the Government until the subject has been thoroughly examined by the Board of Health. According to Dr. Ferran's theory, cholera can be prevented, or its effects minimised, by inoculation with the cholera germ on the same plan as vaccination, one inoculation ensuring immunity for three months and a second for a much longer period. Dr. Ferran's latest experiments took place in Alcira, a town of 16,000 inhabitants, where, out of 7,128 persons inoculated once, only seven took the cholera and two died, while out of seventy-three cholera cases among persons not inoculated thirty-nine ended fatally. Not one single person inoculated twice died. One gentleman who underwent the process describes the lymph as producing in an hour's time severe muscular pains, then nausea, and a dull headache. Sometimes sleeplessness follows, but the symptoms rarely last longer than forty-eight hours.

A SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY has been opened in Edinburgh. Three years ago the idea of this collection was suggested by a Scotch gentleman, who offered to contribute handsomely if the Treasury would provide an equal sum. The money being forthcoming, the same donor offered funds to construct a suitable building if a site could be further provided, and the Treasurer and Board of Trustees for Manufactures accordingly bought a plot of land in Queen Street. As two years will be required to build the gallery and the premises for the Scotch Antiquarian Museum, a temporary building has been run up on the site, where the nucleus of the collection is now exhibited. This small beginning promises well for the future gallery, as the 113 portraits hung are of the highest interest. The greater portion are loans, but the actual property of the gallery includes the Watson bequest of drawings of Sir W. Scott, Burns, and other national authors, and some excellent portraits presented to or bought by the trustees.

VICTOR HUGO leaves behind him a vast mass of unpublished manuscripts, according to the Paris journals. One of his wills minutely directs the date and mode of publication of these works, which include two important dramas, *Hunger* and *The Free Theatre*, numerous poems, and a short comedy, *Zut*, the story of a self-sacrificing Parisian street Arab. All the MSS. of his former works have been carefully preserved, except *Han d'Islande*, accidentally mislaid, and *Any Robart*, which the poet himself destroyed as unworthy of his pen. He always wrote with a quill pen, generally standing at his desk and with the windows wide open, however cold it might be. M. Hugo's illness and death have been a perfect mine of wealth to some of the poorer Parisians, who swarmed round his house with halfpenny and penny photographs, tiny copper busts, medals bearing his likeness, and miniature bouquets of artificial flowers, from whence peeped out the snowy head of the great author. Manufacturers of "Articles de Paris" are working night and day to produce various Hugo relics, florists are driven to their wits' end, and the decorations for the funeral employ hundreds of workmen.



GREEK TABLEAU

Now first behold, soon as the hautboys cease
Come shadowy names from fair historic Greece :
Phidias, whose men like marble mountains shone,
And he who reared the stately Parthenon,

Zeuxis, on whom the birds of heaven attend,
With wise *Apelles*, Alexander's friend :
And midst them all, the mighty statesman moves
Who ruled amid the embowering olive-groves,



GERMAN TABLEAU

Plain burghers these, who claimed response from Art
To simple instincts of a northern heart,
Dürer, the prince of German handiwork,
And stalwart *Visscher* and brave *Adam Kraft*,

Cranach, the friend of Luther, singing *Sachs*,
All sturdy subjects of grim Kaiser Max.
Then *Holbein* came to paint in stately scenes
Our bluff Eighth Henry's court, and half his queens.



ENGLISH TABLEAU

And here, at last, the English painters come,
Sir Joshua's glowing palette on his thumb,
Angelica, unfortunate and fair,

And Gainsborough with his liberal wealth of air ;
George Morland, Wilson, Romney, close the race,
The last of Englishmen to dress with grace.



DUTCH TABLEAU

The Dutch, when wealth and wisdom clipped their wings,
First learned the loveliness of homely things ;
But looked beyond, for Rembrandt trained their eyes,

And marked the changes of their northern skies.
Then silvery *Terburg* came, and golden *Cuyt*,
And each flushed votary of the pot and pipe.



THE slow progress of the negotiations with RUSSIA fosters the general feeling abroad that peace is not yet so fully assured as had been hoped. Although in some quarters the delay is regarded as merely the result of excessive attention to the details of the arrangement, so as to avoid future misunderstandings, there is a very wide opinion that Russia raises difficulties to gain time for further preparation, and increases her demands as she finds the British Cabinet more anxious for peace. Now it is asserted that she claims Maruchab, some distance in advance of Penjdeh, and objects to Herat being fortified. The Russian military party steadily press for greater concessions, and with the St. Petersburg Press do their best to promote the war feeling. Indeed, the *Novoe Vremya* plainly states that war would solve the question in a much more durable manner than the present negotiations, while the *Graschdanin* declares that no other boundary than the Hindu Kush should be accepted, and that now is the favourable opportunity for solving the Central Asian question without war, "when the English must needs yield to all our demands." Meanwhile, the Russian Government intend to publish their own diplomatic correspondence on the Afghan question—a most unusual proceeding in a non-Parliamentary country—in order to correct the one-sided point of view provided by the English Blue Book on the subject. Encouraged by the apparent success of Russia in her claims the Muscovite organs also urge immediate revision of the present Dardanelles arrangement, "a permanent danger to us in the event of war," and plead for the control of the Straits being removed from "the untrustworthy hands of Turkey." War preparations throughout the Empire have been energetically resumed, and we hear of large bodies of troops being moved eastward, of Odessa and Sebastopol being strongly fortified, of the defence of the Finnish coast, and of coming grand sea and land manoeuvres, which are to be a strict rehearsal of actual warfare. The Trans-Caspian railway also will be brought to the Amu Daria by the end of the year.

Nor is there less activity on the other side of the frontier, in INDIA and AFGHANISTAN itself. Troops are being sent on to Herat, and the Ameer intends to personally inspect the garrisons in Afghan Turkestan as soon as the passes are open. According to the English officers' report, the defences of Herat are in good condition, and officials and people alike were most gracious to the British, who have rejoined the Boundary Commission, now occupying a fresh position north of Zindagan. Public opinion in India considers the apparent hitch in the negotiations as very critical, and fears that any yielding on the British side would seriously ruin our prestige, not alone in Afghanistan and Persia—already unfavourably impressed by present concessions and by the honours accorded to General Komaroff—but among our Indian subjects. So far, however, the situation produces repeated loyal demonstrations from the natives, the latest evidence being a review at Khatmandoo before the British Resident of 19,000 fine Nepalese troops ready for active service under the British Government. Probably a native regiment may be raised under the command of Royal and noble natives alone. Missions are also being sent out to Cashgar and to Chitral, in Cashmere, where Russian intrigues can be conveniently watched.

The withdrawal of British troops from the SOUDAN goes on rapidly, alike on the Nile and at Suakim. Dreading the arrival of the Mahdists on the departure of the British from Dongola, the majority of the population are fleeing south, and the authorities are obliged to provide shelter and food for the refugees at Wady Halfa, while trying to induce some neighbouring powerful sheikh to take the government of the district. The Mahdi, however, has retired up the White Nile to Jebel Ellini, and announces that he will not advance on the Dongola district till after next Ramadan. Indeed, he is thought to have little chance of so doing, as his influence is weakened by the growing power of his rival the anti-Mahdi, Sid Muley Achmed. One by one the positions beyond Suakim, which have been so carefully fortified by the British, are being abandoned. Otao and Handoub, on the road to Berber, have been evacuated; and though the railway is still protected by the frequent running of an armoured train, the Arabs tear up the rails, and indulge in small skirmishes whenever possible. It is evident already that the tribes are flocking back to Osman Digma, even many of the friendlies, taking with them the British weapons they have received. Suakim itself is in a state of perpetual confusion, with troops continually embarking, the harbour filled with transports bearing the now useless railway stock, and sickness and depression prevailing amongst the soldiers. The heat seriously affects Indian as well as British regiments, and over 1,100 have been invalided within the last two months. Airy huts with thatched roofs, however, are being constructed for the men. Lord Wolseley has gone back to Cairo, handing over the command of the Nile force to General Dornier, and preparations are being made both at Cairo and Alexandria for the temporary accommodation of the British troops. The Guards have at last been disembarked at Alexandria, and this proceeding raises anew fresh comments as to the change of plans, none of which are over-complimentary to England and her vacillation. Egypt looks anxiously for the reply to the British Note inviting TURKEY to occupy Suakim and other Red Sea ports. If Turkey refuses, the Note states that England must arrange for some civilised Power to occupy the positions, while as soon as order and a stable Government are secured, the English troops will be withdrawn from Egypt. The Sultan has most cordially received Sir William White, the temporary British Minister Plenipotentiary.

Lord Rosebery's visit to GERMANY has aroused speculation and prophecies without end. Naturally enough the main object of the visit is persistently believed to be a better understanding between Lord Granville and Prince Bismarck, and an attempt to alter the Chancellor's antagonism towards England alike on the Egyptian, Afghan, and German colonial questions. A categorical history of the interview between the British statesman and Prince Bismarck is even given by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, and, though a large grain of salt may be needed, it can be hardly supposed that politics were left out of the question, while it is confidently hoped that the personal interchange of views may produce an effect not attainable by written despatches. Ostensibly Lord Rosebery has been to Berlin to return Count Herbert Bismarck's visit, having been prevented from coming at Easter by his brother's death. The Emperor is still indisposed.—The Duke of Cumberland is now reaping the fruits of opposition. The Bill introduced into the Bundesrath asking the Imperial States to declare the Duke's Government in Brunswick incompatible with peace and safety is very favourably regarded, and probably the Hanoverian prince will shortly lose yet another inheritance.

FRANCE has awoke from her recent quiet to a week of excitement. Hardly had the death of Victor Hugo thrown the whole country in mourning than a Communist outburst in Paris stirred up political strife, and threatened to convert the great author's funeral into a riotous demonstration. Sunday being the anniversary of the great Communist struggle and defeat in 1871, the usual Anarchist demonstration was made over the Federal graves at Père Lachaise, speeches and red flags being plentiful. Red flags being prohibited in the

Paris streets, the police came down on the crowd, who retorted freely. The Gardes Républicaines intervened, swords were drawn, and a serious riot ensued, in which both police and demonstrators suffered considerably, though not so much as has been reported. Numerous arrests were made, and the whole affair roused a perfect howl of indignation from the Radical Press, while the Socialists took the opportunity to demonstrate more violently than ever at the funeral of a Communist next day. This time, however, the police had been calmed down by orders, permitted red "banners," displayed from the top of a pole, not "flags" displayed from one side of the pole, to be displayed—a remarkably fine distinction—and politely escorted the Communists to the cemetery. Another Communist funeral on the following day produced further official concessions, and the obnoxious Anarchist emblem was allowed to float freely. This vacillation brought down a severe rebuke on the Government in Parliament, and though the Cabinet obtained a vote of confidence, its weakness is very generally condemned. The Ministry, however, seem afraid to provoke the Socialists, who are now stronger in Paris than for months past, and who in the debates of the Municipal Council condescendingly support the present Administration lest they should see M. Ferry return. Nevertheless, they fiercely protest against the conduct of the police on Sunday, and assert the legality of the red flags. Altogether there is considerable effervescence in the poorer quarters of the city. The Moderates are equally angry with the Government for yielding to Anarchist pressure, and are no less disgusted with the Académie for appointing M. Augier to represent them at Victor Hugo's funeral instead of M. Maxime du Camp, personally objectionable to the Communists. Nor is the Cabinet in better favour for decreeing the secularisation of the Panthéon in order that Victor Hugo may be buried there, thus following the example of M. Guizot, which he subsequently greatly regretted. It seems, by the way, somewhat ironical that the poet should be interred in a building which he roundly abused in "Notre Dame de Paris," styling it a huge *gâteau de Savoie*.

This step horrifies the Catholics, who have been delighted by the publication of a short testament by Victor Hugo, declaring his belief in God. Nevertheless, the poet will be buried, with no religious rites, in the pauper's hearse, as he requested, though the rest of the funeral ceremonies will form a curious contrast to the mean vehicle. Since Victor Hugo passed away quietly on Friday—his last words devoted to his little Jeanne—there has been one unbroken chorus of praise and affection towards the departed author, foreign countries joining France in warmly appreciating a great genius. His funeral is likely to be one of the greatest national demonstrations ever known in France. Some trouble is feared, however, from the Reds, who threaten to seize the opportunity, so that over forty thousand troops are to line the route for protection as well as honour to the dead. After lying in State beneath the Arc de Triomphe, Victor Hugo's body will be taken with great ceremony through the Paris streets to the Panthéon. The most elaborate arrangements have been made, and all Paris will be in mourning. Victor Hugo is said to leave several wills, one in particular being a philosophical and literary declaration. All other subjects have fallen into the background; yet the Senate has passed the *Scrutin de Liste* Bill, with two amendments, declaring that foreigners cannot be included in the electoral population, and that members of former reigning families are ineligible for the Chamber; while the Treaty of Peace with China has been signed, and only awaits rendering into Chinese.—A few cases of cholera at Marseilles have caused much alarm, and the subject is being rigidly inquired into.

IN ITALY the Pope appears, as a parting admonition, to have soundly lectured the Irish Bishops on their antagonism towards England. Although the proceedings of the farewell audience were kept strictly secret it is known that His Holiness spoke for nearly two hours, and that he would not sanction various paragraphs in the Bishops' address reflecting indirectly on the British Government. The Sanitary Congress in Rome is discussing the cholera, having already pronounced against land quarantine and sanitary cordons. The delegates might well look close at home, at Naples, where the condition of the poorer quarters is said to be not a whit better than last year, notwithstanding the impression caused by the terrible visitation, the plans for reformation, and the money collected.

The half-breed rebellion in CANADA has well-nigh collapsed with the loss of its leader, Riel, whose lieutenant, Dumont, has since been captured. The Indians seem little likely to give serious trouble, being thoroughly disheartened by Riel's surrender. Although mustering over 1,500 in a strong position in Lizard Lake, Poundmaker and his braves were greatly alarmed on hearing the news. They at once piled their arms, hunted out an old British flag, and after holding a grand council despatched a priest and some of the captured teamsters to ask for terms of surrender. General Middleton sent word that Poundmaker must surrender unconditionally at Battleford within two days, and the chief and his followers accordingly came in on Tuesday to offer their submission. Poundmaker, by the by, declares that his men were afraid to face the Canadians again, as the latter "fight like devils." Other tribes are coming in, and an important Sioux chief, White Cap, has been taken, so that only Big Bear remains to be subdued. He, however, intends to stand at Big Hills, near Fort Pitt, being well-supported and provisioned, and a strong force will be sent against him. All the Indians throw the blame on Riel. It is thought that the outbreak is fairly over, although strong garrisons must probably be kept in the North-West as a precaution for some time to come. General Middleton, after relieving Prince Albert, has gone to Battleford, where there is a strong concentration of forces. Riel is at Regina, the capital of the Assiniboine territory, not far from Qu'Appelle, and the other prisoners will be sent there for trial. The French Canadians at Quebec will find the funds for Riel's defence, and probably insanity may be urged. At present he seems nervous but quiet.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the various nationalities in AUSTRIA are sturdily asserting their rights in view of the coming General Election. Bohemia now claims Home Rule, and pleads for an independent Parliament and Ministry like Hungary, while in opposition to the Czechs the German element require their candidates to promise support to a Bill making German the official language throughout the country.—SPAIN has been decidedly surprised by the rupture of the negotiations for the English Commercial Treaty, and views the subject with mixed feelings. While most Catalonian Protectionist manufacturers are delighted at the failure, and the Ministerial press gibe at England, Madrid merchants and those ports directly connected with British trade condemn the Spanish Cabinet for their demands and their erroneous foreign policy.—Twenty years of political conflict in SWEDEN have been happily ended by the decisions of the Riksdag just closed. All parties have agreed upon three vexed subjects—taxation, national defence, and the spirit question.—Like her neighbours in the Dominion, the UNITED STATES Government is troubled by the Indians, who, led by the Apache chief Geronimo, have risen in Arizona and New Mexico, and raid upon and massacre defenceless settlements. Troops have been sent up, and several encounters are reported with varying success. There has been a bad fire in a Cincinnati factory, the flames spreading so rapidly as to cut off escape. Fifteen lives were lost.—The difficulties in CENTRAL AMERICA have been complicated by the Guatemalan troops crossing the frontier into San Salvador, thus, it is believed, reopening the whole Central American question. Honduras has utterly failed to mediate between the two Republics.



THE QUEEN kept her sixty-sixth birthday on Sunday at Balmoral, where Her Majesty is accompanied by the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, Princess Leiningen, and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Only nine previous British Sovereigns have exceeded the Queen's age—Henry and Edward I., Queen Elizabeth, the four Georges, and William IV.—while Her Majesty is the oldest European Monarch except three—the rulers of Germany, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The Royal birthday will be officially celebrated to-day (Saturday), but the church-bells were rung, and special music played on Sunday, and salutes were fired on Monday. At Balmoral Divine Service was celebrated before the Royal party on Sunday morning, and in the evening the Queen gave a small dinner party, additional guests joining the Royal circle afterwards. Her Majesty is enjoying fine weather in the Highlands, and has begun her usual excursions with the Princesses, having driven to the Danzie Shiel and to Birkhall.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family spent Whitsuntide at Sandringham. The Princess with her daughters and Prince George arrived on Saturday from London, and the Prince and Prince Albert Victor came from Yarmouth, where, just before leaving, they were present at the ball given by the Norfolk Artillery Militia, and visited several of the town charitable institutions. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, the Rev. F. Hervey officiating, and next morning Prince Albert Victor returned to his studies at Cambridge, and Prince George left to resume his duties on board the *Excellant*, at Portsmouth. Prince Leiningen arrived on Tuesday. The usual round of Court festivities—omitted last year owing to the Royal mourning—begins next week with a State Concert on Tuesday. A *levée* will be held by the Prince of Wales on June 9th, the State Balls are fixed for the 12th and 26th June, and another State Concert for July 3rd. On June 10th the Prince and Princess attend the Duchess of Leeds' ball, and on the 29th Prince Albert Victor will take up the Freedom of the City, when the Prince and Princess of Wales will be invited to a *déjeuner* at the Guildhall. The Prince of Wales will visit Preston on July 16th to see the Royal Agricultural Show, and will spend two days with Lord Lathom, at his seat, near Ormskirk. Preston is preparing a grand reception, and hopes that the Prince will also lay the corner and foundation stones of a new orphanage and dock.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went to Eastwell Park with their children for the holidays. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Bombay on Tuesday for Europe in the ordinary mail-steamer *Sulley*. The Duke has two months' leave.—Monday was Princess Christian's thirty-ninth birthday, and was kept with the usual honours.—The Duchess of Albany remains with her parents at Arolsen, and will visit her sister, the Queen of the Netherlands, at Loo, before returning home.—The Duke and Duchess of Teck and their daughter have come to England after a long absence in Italy.



"LAKMÉ."—Miss Marie Van Zandt arrived in London this week, and the rehearsals are in full progress for the short French opera season, which will commence at the Gaiety on Saturday, June 6th. On that evening M. Delibes' opera *Lakmé* will be produced for the first time in England. This work, from the pen of the pupil and protégé of Adam, is said to be lighter in style than some of the composer's previous productions. The story narrated by MM. Gondinet and Gille may strike English audiences as being somewhat incongruous. The scene is laid in British India, and the hero is an officer in our army. Lieutenant Gerald seems to be stationed with a regiment on the borders of an Indian forest, and, in accordance with the Gallic traditions of the English army, he is accompanied by three ladies. In French opera English ladies are not expected to bear surnames, and the companions of Lieutenant Gerald (who by the way also seems to lack a surname), are known severally as Miss Rose, Mistress Benson, and Miss Ellen. To Miss Ellen the Lieutenant is engaged to be married. All goes well until the unlucky soldier one afternoon sets foot in the garden of a Brahmin, and sets eyes on the Grand Brahmin's lovely daughter, Lakmé. Everybody (in France) knows that it is death to a British officer to stray into a Brahmin's garden, while the awful crime of falling in love with a priestess has been exemplified in numerous operas, from *Norma* down to *Aida*. But, on the approach of the Brahmin, the Lieutenant, in full accordance with the traditions of the English army, bolts, and for a time escapes. The music of the first act may be shortly described. In the prelude a unisonal phrase for strings serves afterwards as a love motive. A religious chorus of Hindoos leads to the invocation, sung by the Grand Brahmin, and afterwards to a duet between Lakmé and her operatic confidante. The stage is then left clear for a quintet by the two English officers and three English Misses, and for a solo with waltz refrain for the Lieutenant. This waltz rhythm set all the amateur tenors of Paris imitating M. Talazac. A duet, and a song for Lakmé conclude the act. The *entr'acte* is founded on the theme of a march, with drums and fifes. M. Delibes calls it a "Retraite Anglaise," and the pun will be appreciated. The ballet follows. Being danced in an East Indian market-place, it necessarily includes a Persian dance and a "terana." Then comes the Brahmin disguised a beggar. He brings with him Lakmé, and makes her sing the legend of the "Fille du Paria," certain that if the unknown British officer be present he will now discover himself. The *ruse* succeeds, and the Lieutenant is stabbed by the avenging Hindoos. In this act occurs the love duet, founded on the unisonal phrase in the prelude to which notice has already been directed. In the last act we find the wounded Gerald under a forest tree, tended by Lakmé. The "Retraite Anglaise" is once more heard. The Lieutenant, like his brother in *Carmen*, is sorely tempted to desert the colours for the sake of his fair one. But Lakmé imprudently leaves him for a few moments. She wishes to procure some of the sacred water which it seems necessary for the solemnisation of matrimony according to the rites of Brahma. While she is gone Gerald is found by a brother officer, who urges him to return to his duty. Lakmé, in despair, poisons herself, and, after the usual *prima donna's schwanen-lied*, dies in her lover's arms. The particular poison used is a leaf of the *datura stramonium*, as the French librettists, with the thoroughness of their kind, are careful to disclose. It need only be added that *Lakmé*, which was produced at the Opéra Comique on April 14th, 1883, has attained enormous success in Paris.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Israel in Egypt was practised under Mr. Manns at the first choral rehearsal for the Handel Festival last Friday. Mr. Manns directed a force of upwards of 2,000 voices, every one of which had been tested expressly for this festival. On

Friday of this week the choruses for the "Selection" day are to be prepared. The choice of music has been made with judgment. The anthem, "Blest Be the Man," orchestrated by Mr. E. Prout, will be a special feature of the "Selection" programme. From *Judas Macabbeus* have been chosen "We Never Will Bow Down," the sequel to "Sound An Alarm," and, of course, "See the Conquering Hero." *Joshua, Saul, Hercules* ("Love and Hymen"), *L'Allegro*, and *St. Cecilia's Day* have likewise been drawn upon. Choristers have been engaged for the Festival from no less than thirty-four cathedral and other cities and towns in the provinces.

ALBERT PALACE.—Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott has trained a choir of 450 singers, and has engaged an orchestra of thirty-eight players for the Albert Palace, which will open on June 6th. The orchestra is to a man English, and it includes such players as Messrs. Parker, E. Howell, White, Horton, Vivian, Hamilton, Egerton, Mann, Catchpole, Ellis, and Howard Reynolds. The orchestra will give daily afternoon concerts, and organ recitals and performances by a military band are likewise promised. Mr. Caldicott hopes to give special prominence to those promising English artists who, by their qualifications, are entitled to a hearing. The opening programme will include the *Lobgesang* and an *Ode*, the chief parts in which will be sung by Madame Valleria, Miss Winthrop, Messrs. Lloyd and Thoudike.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Richter was on Thursday last week still suffering from injury to the knee cap, and, as some silly reports had been spread that in consequence the concert would be postponed, the attendance was but small. The programme was, however, well diversified. It included the B flat symphony of Beethoven, the *Hebrides* overture of Mendelssohn, and Brahms' *Academic*, besides for the first time at these concerts a portion of the finale to *Das Rheingold*. Those who are unfamiliar with the earlier part of the first opera of Wagner's tetralogy could it be feared make little of the scene in which the Scandinavian gods walk across the rainbow, from Europe to Walhalla.—On the same evening the Gregorians had a festival at St. Paul's Cathedral.—On Friday, Miss Rosa Leo gave a concert, to which the *beneficiaire* contributed a dozen songs or thereabouts.—The Royal Academy students, in memory of Mr. W. H. Holmes, Mr. Brinley Richards, and Lord Dudley, prefaced their concert with the "Dead March," and the choir sang Mr. Westlake's anthem, "They whom we loved on earth." The novelties by students were a pianoforte sonata by Mr. H. O. Anderton, and an organ fantasia and fugue, by Mr. W. G. Wood.—On Saturday, Mr. Charles Hallé produced a piano quartet in E minor, by Herr Fiebach.—At his recital on Tuesday Herr Peiniger revived some old violin music by Gibbs, Burney, Smith, and other English masters of the past.—Concerts have also been given by M. Oberthur, Herr Michael Bergson, and several others, but notice of some entertainments given after Wednesday is reserved till next week.

NOTES AND NEWS.—There has been nothing fresh at the Carl Rosa Opera, which will close this week with a performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*.—Messdames Patti, Albani, Nilsson, Trebelli, and other great artists are in England. But there seems to be no further talk of Italian opera.—Sir Julius Benedict's fifty-first concert is now fixed to take place on June 23rd, at Drury Lane Theatre.—The Royal Academy directors have called a meeting of musicians for next month to consider the question of uniform musical pitch.—The loan collection of ancient musical instruments, &c., will be opened at the Albert Hall, probably next week, by the Prince of Wales. During July concerts of ancient music are to be given on these old instruments.—The excavations for the new Embankment building of the Guildhall School of Music have begun, and the first stone will be laid in July, probably by the Duke of Edinburgh.



PRESIDING AND SPEAKING at the annual meeting of the Additional Curates' Aid Society the Archbishop of York said that they had heard a great deal about the spread of infidelity in the country, but he believed that there never was a greater amount of religious activity and a stronger sense of obligation by the laity. This was evinced by the increasing number of candidates for Confirmation, the increasing number of their great societies, and the increasing number of their communicants. They saw it, in fact, throughout every stratum of society.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY has authorised the intimation that he will resign his See in the course of the summer.

A RATHER STRIKING TESTIMONY to the impression produced on a distinguished foreign visitor as to the interest felt in ecclesiastical questions by English society is given in a report of a conversation with Professor Arminius Vambéry on his way home from his anti-Russian mission work in this country. He is represented as saying that he had found in general the smallest Church question more interesting to the minds of Englishmen than Central Asian problems.

LORD WOLSELEY PRESIDED AT A MEETING at Kassa Noussa this week, when it was decided to ask the Dean of St. Paul's for permission to erect in the Cathedral a statue of the late General Stewart. If this is obtained a public subscription will be opened.

THE COMMITTEE FOR THE RESTORATION OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, West Smithfield, have courageously contracted to purchase for 6,500*l.* the freehold of the ancient Lady Chapel, although, of the funds at their disposal, only 4,320*l.* is applicable to this purpose. They had no choice between agreeing to the price asked by the freeholders and seeing the Lady Chapel disappear. Subscriptions to relieve the Committee from their personal liability will be acknowledged by the Incumbent of St. Bartholomew the Great, the Rev. W. Panckridge.

A RESOLUTION having been submitted at the annual session of the Northern Association of Baptists, expressive of gratitude to Heaven and to Her Majesty's Ministers for the prospect of an honourable and peaceful settlement of the Anglo-Russian difficulty, it was opposed on the ground that it is doubtful whether an honourable peace has been procured, and that no mention was made of the vast expenditure of blood and money in the Soudan. The opposition was so successful that, by 31 votes to 13, the resolution was withdrawn.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT BARBOUR, the wealthy Manchester merchant, has bequeathed 5,000*l.* to the English Presbyterian Church Fund, and another 5,000*l.*, the interest on which is to provide bursaries for young men attending the Presbyterian College, London.

WHEN FORMALLY OPENING for public recreation the long-disused burial ground of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, the Duke of Westminster took occasion to point out that some injury might be inflicted on the community by the success of the proposal for the conversion of urban leaseholders into freeholders. In his own case, as leases fell in, he intended to widen streets, and lay out as many open spaces as possible for public use, but this intention would be frustrated if the freehold passed from the hands of the freeholder into those of individual leaseholders. The cost of converting the burial-ground into a garden has been 1,800*l.*, of which 1,000*l.* has been contributed by the Duke of Westminster.



THE production of Mr. Wills's play of *Olivia* at the LYCEUM will rank—though this is only a revival—among the most memorable of first nights since this theatre passed into the hands of Mr. Irving. The *mise-en-scène*, in which we include not merely the labours of the scenic artists, but also the work of those who have contributed numberless little details which go to make up the delightful picture of old life and manners, was beautiful enough to awaken the admiration even of those who hold in their recollection the singular picturesqueness of the performance at the Court Theatre seven years ago. Seven years constitute a considerable addition to the age of an actress whose special function it is to enact pretty heroines; but happily Miss Ellen Terry is still able to look sufficiently youthful to represent the erring daughter of the worthy Dr. Primrose, and from the point of view of art her representation was even more remarkable than before. Its grace and tenderness, with its occasional touches of the deepest pathos, and its pervading sweetness, form a combination really without a parallel in the memory of playgoers. Mr. Irving is able to stamp his impressive individuality upon the person of the Vicar, whose sentimentousness and somewhat passive function in the play are, however, not very favourable characteristics for the display of his powers. Those who remember the original performance will not easily be consoled for the disappearance from the bill of the name of Mr. Frank Archer, whose grave suavity of manner was very effective in the part of Mr. Burchell. This part, however, is played, though in a somewhat heavier manner, with much dignity and earnestness by that excellent actor Mr. Wenman. Mr. Terriss's Squite Thornhill is, as before, absolutely perfect in its indications of heartless self-indulgence; and, in a smaller way, praise is once more due to the innocent freshness of Mr. Norman Forbes as Moses. The performance, which was witnessed by a distinguished audience, was brilliantly successful.

The revival of Mr. George R. Sims's domestic melodrama, *The Lights of London*, seems likely to occupy the bill of the PRINCESS'S Theatre for no less a time than has fallen to the lot of the revival of Messrs. Jones and Herman's *The Silver King*, just withdrawn. Though inferior to the latter admirable piece in interest and skilful development of story, it is still a play which sustains in a remarkable degree the curiosity and interest of the spectator. It abounds in dramatic situations, and is inspired with a touching sympathy for the sorrows and sufferings of the poorest classes, whose habits and characteristics are sketched with the hand of one who knows them well. The acting of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake as the hero and heroine respectively has lost nothing of its marvellous spirit and truthfulness, and Mr. George Barrett is not less amusing than before in his original part of the showman. "Philosopher" Jack is now played by Mr. George Walton, and the showman's wife by Mrs. Huntley. In other respects the powerful cast has undergone no material change. At the close of the performance on Saturday Mr. Wilson Barrett announced that the new dramatic drama, by Mr. H. A. Jones and himself, which has long been known in preparation, will probably be brought out in August next; and that it will be followed in due course first by a new poetical drama, and then by another Shakespearian revival.

Excelsior at HER MAJESTY'S theatre has done something to resuscitate the almost extinct glories of the ballet. It is a widely different production, however, from the productions of that class which our fathers and grandfathers were wont to witness with so much delight on this spot in the days of Taglioni, Cerito, and Fanny Ellsler, chiefly because it is infinitely more spectacular. Originally produced in Milan, and then transferred to other capitals, Signor Manzotti has now brought it to London. Whether in the brilliant succession and variety of its scenic incidents, the skilfully picturesque management of its crowds of performers, or the graceful operatic dancing of Madlle. Desorino, M. Cecchetti, and their numerous associates, the performance is certainly very striking and pleasing. A spectacular ballet in three parts, and lasting a whole evening, is, however, a daring experiment upon the taste of the town, regarding the permanent success of which prophecy would be rash.

This day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess of Wales were to be present at the first of the open-air performances at Coombe House. The representation consisted of the forest scenes from *As You Like It*. How it fared with the performances the exigencies of time and the printing press unfortunately prevent us saying this week. Lady Archibald Campbell and her director-general of the entertainments, Mr. E. W. Godwin, have at least been working very hard for their success, not to speak of rehearsals, in which that charmingly refined and tender actress, Miss Calhoun, of the Haymarket, and that sterling actor Mr. Hermann Vezin have taken part. Prominent also among the "Pastoral Players" is the Princess Hellen of Kappurthala, Lady E. Spencer Churchill, Lord E. Spencer Churchill, Mrs. Plowden, Mr. Claude Ponsonby, and Mr. L. R. Dicksee.

Provoked by some ungenerous comments in the papers upon the forthcoming production of two versions of *Maison Neuve*, Mr. Hare has written to say that "neither Mr. Kendal nor himself had the remotest idea that Mrs. Langtry was contemplating a production of this play, or had even thought of it, until they saw the announcement in the Monday article on 'The Theatres' in the *Daily News*." Mrs. Langtry, it is fair to observe, has never charged the Messrs. Hare and Kendal with adopting her plans; but seems rather to have been anxious to disclaim on her own part any such breach of etiquette. Such coincidences are common enough. Nor is it at all within the range of probability the ST. JAMES'S management would descend to copy the prospective arrangements of a neighbouring theatre.

Mrs. Langtry in "a smock frock" will be a novel sight—we had almost said a welcome change after that dazzling series of magnificent gowns which have engaged the attention of dramatic critics hardly less than the characteristics of her acting. It is in a drama of rustic life, written for her by Mr. W. G. Wills, that this popular lady will adopt this humble masculine garb. Owing to the unabated popularity of her performance in *Peril*, the piece will first see the light at a morning performance.

Messrs. Carton and Raleigh's original farcical comedy, brought out with such conspicuous success at a recent *matinée*, will be produced by Mr. Edgar Bruce at the PRINCE'S Theatre upon the conclusion of Mrs. Langtry's engagement in July next.

The greater part of Mr. Hollingshead's company, including Miss E. Faren, Mr. Elton, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Charles Fawcett, and recruited by the accession of Miss Annie Goward, Miss H. Vane, and other popular performers have been fulfilling a holiday engagement this week at SADLER'S WELLS Theatre. Miss Faren sustained her famous part of Sam Willoughby in *The Ticket of Leave Man*, which was followed by a slightly compressed version of the popular Gaiety burlesque of *The Forty Thieves*.

Besides *Open House*, *The Shuttlecock*, and *The Wretched Major*—the latter of which pieces is in the hands of Mr. Charles Wyndham—the late Mr. Byron left, it appears, an unacted comedy-drama. It sets forth, we are told, a domestic story, in which humour and a

certain degree of pathetic interest are happily blended. This work was finished before the serious stages of its author's illness had set in; but it was withheld for a fitting opportunity, and a company suited to its extensive cast.

Mr. Savile Clarke's apropos comic sketch, called *The Inventories*, will be brought out at the OPERA COMIQUE by Mr. David James, who will play in it, we learn, the part of a retired soap-boiler, and will sing a song descriptive of the entertainment offered at South Kensington.

The ALEXANDRA PALACE Theatre has been reopened this week under the direction of Mr. F. H. Macklin.

This evening Mr. Samuel Brandram, the well-known elocutionist, will make his first appearance as an actor. Mr. Brandram will enact the important part of Mr. Samuel Brown in *New Men and Old Acres* at the OLYMPIC, the representation, which is to be repeated next week, forming part of the extensive series of amateur performances organised for the benefit of "The Gordon Memorial Fund."

Open House will be performed at the VAUDEVILLE for the fiftieth time next Tuesday.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday evening next will be produced a new piece entitled *A Night in Wales*, adapted by Herbert Gardner from the French of M. Verconsin, music by Corney Grain.

A Regimental Dramatic Club has recently been formed in the 20th Middlesex (Artists') Rifle Volunteers, under the patronage of Lieut.-Colonel Robert W. Edis, F.S.A., and the officers of the regiment. The first performances will take place on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of June, at the Headquarters, 36, Fitzroy Square, when the programme will comprise Buckstone's *Good for Nothing* and *The Serious Family*.

MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE'S ENTERTAINMENT at the Egyptian Hall is as popular as ever, and in these days of spiritualism and theosophical theories, a double interest attaches itself to the latter part of the programme, a spiritualistic sketch entitled "Mr. Daffodil Downey's Light and Dark Séance," in which wonderful feats are performed both in and outside of a cabinet composed simply of four boards, placed in full view of the audience, on a stand slightly raised from the ground. The second portion of the entertainment, "The Fakirs of Benares," serves also to exhibit other curious phenomena, among which the apparent invisible suspension of a nautch girl (Mr. Elton) in mid-air is not the least startling. Zoe still continues to sketch portraits and discover hidden numbers, while Mr. Maskelyne is busy plate spinning. Mr. Verne also gives some amusing musical and ventriloquial illustrations in the *entr'acte*.



THE TURF.—As might have been expected, there has been plenty of racing during the Whitsun week, but generally of poor quality. The first two days of the Manchester Meeting were tame, the fields ruling meagre, and the race for the Cup on the third day, which was not run in time for us to chronicle, can hardly redeem the character of the gathering. The Salford Borough Cup was won, in a field of eleven, by the favourite Macmahon, who was fairly entitled to a win after his third for the Lincolnshire Handicap and his second for the City and Suburban. The Bard, with 10 to 1 on him, easily beat two opponents for the Hartington Plate for two-year-olds, and two others in the John O' Gaunt Plate, the last-named being his eleventh consecutive win. On the first day Archer rode four, and on the second three winners. The Bath Meeting hardly showed signs of the revival of its ancient importance. Years ago, when the wagering on the Derby was so much more extensive than it is now, Bath was a recognised rendezvous for those interested in the Epsom race, who were anxious to hear all that could be heard on the eve of it; but the case is very different now, as speculation on the event has year by year become more limited, and the general interest in the race much less. This year perhaps the interest has somewhat revived owing to the comparatively open character of the contest. Melton still continues to have the call of Paradox in the market, and if all goes well will start first favourite; but the Chopette colt, who ran Paradox to a head in the Two Thousand, Royal Hampton, and the French colt Xaintrailles, all find strong supporters. The field is not likely to be a large one on Wednesday next: but the quality of it will be quite up to, if not above, the average.

CRICKET.—Cricketers have been having better weather, though rain has put a stop to matches in many instances. Mixed Elevens representing North and South have played at Lord's for the benefit of the family of Morley, the South, for which Mr. W. G. Grace scored 28, winning by nine wickets.—The annual match between the M.C.C. and Cambridge ended in a draw rather in favour of the University, for which C. W. Wright made 36 and 55, and Greatorex 27 and 37.—Oxford did not show particularly good form in its match with Lancashire, being beaten by 50 runs.—Among the counties Surrey continues to show excellent play, but one could hardly have anticipated the one innings and 64 runs defeat experienced at its hands by Middlesex. For Surrey, Read, the professional, scored 69. The Middlesex team were all out for 25 in their first innings, not a batsman making two figures, and six "duck's eggs" figuring conspicuously. Most creditable also has been Surrey's fight against Notts, the premier county of last year, and as Notts had 82 runs to get and five wickets to fall when the game had to be given up, it can hardly be said that the draw was much against the home county, in the second innings of which Mr. Shuter was credited with 48, and Mr. Read with 56. Beaumont, the new Surrey bowler, is an evident acquisition.—Kent has opened the season well by beating Yorkshire by eight wickets, even without the aid of Lord Harris.—Sussex has obtained a one innings and 64 runs' victory over Hampshire.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford Summer races were as attractive as ever, and some good rowing was showed, though perhaps the leading eights are hardly up to the average. Exeter started head of the river, but on the first night had to give way to Corpus, which held the headship to the finish of the races. As this is one of the numerically smallest colleges in Oxford great credit is due to it. The order of the first six boats at the finish was—1, Corpus; 2, Magdalen; 3, New; 4, Exeter; 5, Brasenose; and 6, Keble. Oriel which started eighteenth finished twelfth, thus making a "bump" every evening, an event which was celebrated in the college with the traditional festivity.

LAWN TENNIS.—At Dublin Mr. Lawford, of the All-England L.T.C., has beaten Mr. Ernest Renshaw, of Cheltenham, and won the Championship of Ireland and the Silver Challenge Cup.

LACROSSE.—The sixth annual match between England and Ireland was played at Belfast on Saturday last, and resulted in a victory for the latter by six goals to none. All the previous contests have been won by the sister country.—County Down and Cheshire have antagonised, and the former won by ten goals to three.

ATHLETICS.—The famous American athlete, L. E. Myers, has arrived in this country, and is expected to take a part in the



THE MOUNTED INFANTRY UNDER CAPTAIN FREEMAN SCOUTING WITH FRIENDLY AMARAS



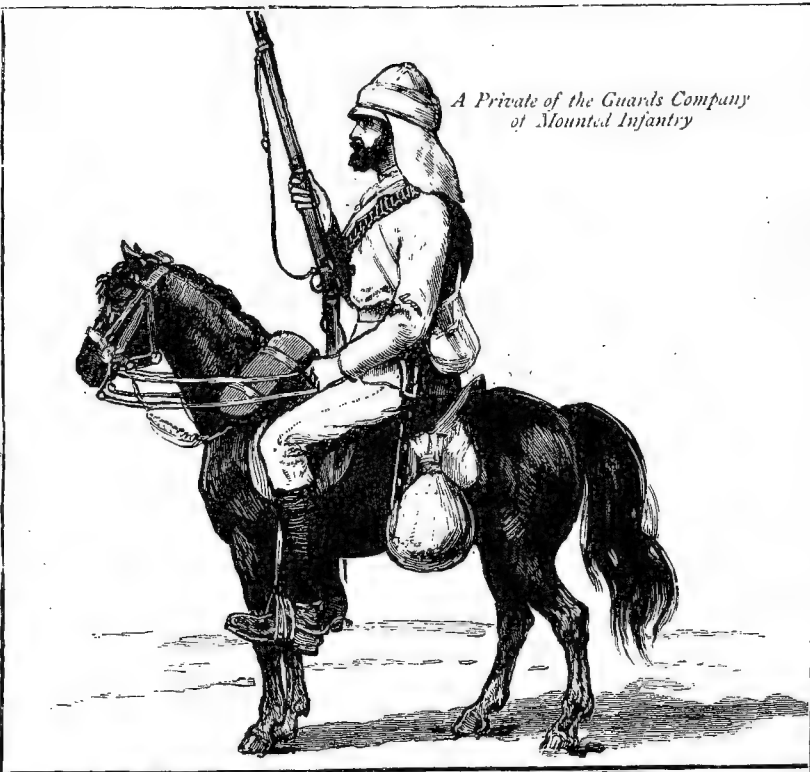
ROYAL ENGINEERS CLEARING THE RAILWAY LINE OF BURNING SLEEPERS PILED UP AT NIGHT BY THE ARABS NEAR SUAKIM

WITH SIR GERALD GRAHAM AT SUAKIM

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



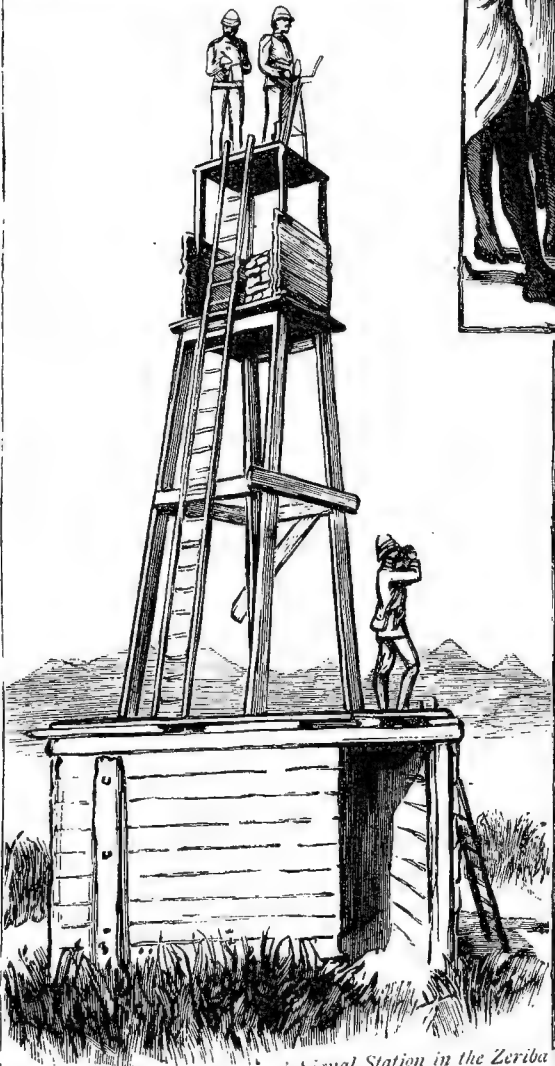
"Chums"—A Sketch on the Railway



A Private of the Guards Company of Mounted Infantry



Meeting of General Graham and Mahmoud Ali of the Friendly Amaras at Otao



A Signal Station in the Zeriba



A Pioneer of Civilisation



A Sentry of the Grenadier Guards

coming Amateur Championship sports.—Nearly seventy athletic meetings will have been held during the present week.

COACHING.—The first meet of the season of the Coaching Club will take place at the Magazine, Hyde Park, this day (Saturday) at half-past twelve. That of the Four-in-Hand Club will be on Monday, June 1, at the same time and tryst.



THE LAW COURTS rose on Friday last week for the Whitsun vacation. There will be no further sittings until Tuesday next, when Trinity Term begins.

A VACANCY is caused in the Recordship of Windsor by the death of Mr. A. M. Skinner, Q.C., who had held that office for more than thirty years.

THE SENIOR CHANCERY REGISTRARSHIP has been resigned by Mr. Merivale in consequence of long and serious illness.

THE BARRISTERS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION, which is to distressed members of the Bar what the Royal Literary Fund is to distressed authors, has now reached the twelfth year of its existence. According to the statement made at its recent annual meeting, Sir Hardinge Giffard in the chair, its total income during the year had been upwards of 1,400*l.*, and it had relieved fifty-one cases, at an expenditure of 1,500*l.*

IN THE ACTION FOR LIBEL by Mr. Adams against the Hon. Bernard Coleridge the jury, it will be remembered, gave the plaintiff a verdict with 3,000*l.* damages, when Mr. Justice Manisty adopted the unusual but far from unprecedented course of entering judgment for the defendant. Mr. Adams is dissatisfied with this proceeding of the judge, and Mr. Coleridge with the jury for their verdict against himself. Both parties, after having given notice of appeal, have agreed that the two appeals shall be heard together, and Thursday next, the 4th of June, has been fixed for the hearing.

THE SHOREDITCH VESTRY have refused an application from General Booth for a remission of the rates on the Grecian Theatre made on the plea that it is used for religious purposes, and not for personal profit. The reason given for the refusal was that the sale of the *War Cry* and other publications and articles deprives the Grecian of the privilege of exemption from rates conferred on places of public worship, and the Vestry recommended the General, if dissatisfied with their decision, to appeal to the Court of Quarter Sessions.



I.

Harper for June contains its usual store of excellent articles. One of them, "A Night with the Germans," is capitally written and illustrated by Mr. R. F. Zogbaum. He describes manoeuvres of the German troops which he attended, and from his narrative we make the following quotation:—"As the sun sank in the west, casting gigantic shadows of the moving figures of the men on the lawn-like surface of our resting-place, the life of the bivouac quieted down; and the men, some of them—their duties ended, and overcome by fatigue—were sleeping anywhere on the ground; others were chatting together in little groups, or polishing and cleaning the brasses of their accoutrements and the barrels of their guns; some strolled about aimlessly, their hands clasped behind them or thrust in their belts, or stood idly smoking their great porcelain pipes and watching a game of cards, or listening to the maxims of some burly, bewhiskered non-commissioned officer. Now and then the notes of some soldier song or sweet German ballad, sung in subdued and low tones, floated in the still, calm air, mingling with the restless pawing of the horses and the evening hymns of the birds in the adjacent forest."—Mr. Brander Matthews's story, "A Secret of the Sea," is certainly original enough in its conception; but the plot might have been more adequately worked out.—Mr. R. A. Proctor writes an interesting paper, entitled "How Earthquakes are Caused."

In the *North American Review* there is the usual quantity of somewhat heavy reading. Several prominent Americans write earnestly and thoughtfully in answer to the query, "Shall Silver be Demonetised?" and there can be no doubt that the fluctuations in the value of this precious metal have caused serious inconvenience.—Mr. Edwin P. Whittle has collected much and various information on "The Swearing Habit." He tells a story of a former London theatrical manager, whose "seemingly unconscious profanity astonished even those whose oaths were about one in ten or fifteen of the words they used in familiar conversation." At dinner this gentleman swore before a clergyman, and when remonstrated with, "turned with great earnestness and politeness to the clergyman, professed his great regard for 'the cloth,' dashed his eyes, body, and soul to everlasting perdition, declared if he had known the profession of his auditor he would not have used such words as might be offensive to his sacerdotal ears; and in three minutes contrived to condense into his apology more blasphemies than he poured forth in the original offence."—The article, "What is the Catholic School Policy?" sheds light on an important and social and religious problem of our time.

"Court Royal," in *Cornhill*, continues to be what in the beginning it gave promise of being—an admirable serial. Lazarus, the Jew pawnbroker, is a cleverly drawn character. "I take a little whisky with my water," said the Jew, pouring some spirits into his glass, "but I do not approve of alcohol for the young. It stunts their growth, and sows the seeds of a craving for strong liquor which may in after life bring them to D. T."—"Next of Kin Agencies" gives much information on a curious side of English life, and one where fact sometimes proves itself stranger than fiction.

Besides the serials by Mr. Black and Mr. Stevenson in *Longman's*, Mr. Benjamin Kidd is worth reading on "The Habits and Intelligence of Bees." These insects, according to Mr. Kidd, are not so intelligent as they are generally supposed to be. At the same time it is startling to learn that "the bees feed the worker-grubs sparingly, as if fearing an excessive development—a truly wonderful instinct, which has enabled the bees to solve one of the most difficult of social problems."—Mr. Frederick Boyle's story of "The Pathan Brigand" provides us with a pleasant glimpse of the inner life of the mountain warriors of the wilder country of Afghanistan and Beloochistan.

Temple Bar is not without its usual historical sketches. One of them, "The Russian Armament," is peculiarly appropriate to the present time, dealing as it does with the efforts of Pitt to curb the aggrandisement of Russia in the days of Catherine II.—"A Girton Girl" is, perhaps, becoming a little monotonous.—"The Varnishing Ticket" is a short tale, oppressive with a sadness relieved only by the improbability of the incidents related.

To studies of the London poor, Miss Dorothy Tennant makes a useful contribution in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. "The

London Ragamuffin" is a proof of the good-will, kindness, and patient observation which Miss Tennant has bestowed on the wails, who on any fine day may be seen disporting themselves by the mud banks of the Thames. "The genuine ragamuffin," she writes, "will never complain. He never expects, or even hopes, that his condition will improve; he is as much a fatalist as the Turk."—What seems likely to be an excellent story, "In the Lion's Den," is begun by the author of "John Herring."

Cassell's Family Magazine is provided with its ordinary assortment of well-selected short papers. "Flemish Lace and Lace-Makers" is an account of a, probably, declining mode of earning a livelihood. "The lace-workers complain sadly that their industry is failing in value, that little money can now be made at it; the markets are so flooded by imitations. Machine-made laces of great beauty, and the fashion as to the make of lace to be worn each season changes so continually, that people—except for very special occasions—prefer to purchase what is cheap and fashionable rather than spend large sums of money on costly fabrics which, in a few months, may be no longer in vogue."

There is little that is new to notice in this month's *Argosy*; but the serial proceeds satisfactorily, and "Geoffrey Saunders' Wife" is a striking, if sad story. There are also some pretty verses by Ina L. F., entitled "So Best."

The *Phonographic Punch* is doubtless calculated to give lively amusement to those who understand shorthand. The illustrations are excellent in their way; perhaps, however, they are almost too violent in their comedy. The periodical, however, would appear to be adapted to the intelligence of its public.

In *Le Livre*, M. de Contades relates the early career of Émile de Girardin, and gives facts about the collaboration of that journalist with Lantour Mezeray. There is a brief review of "Called Back," which has been translated into French by M. Bernard Poncefort. One of the late "Hugh Conway's" attractions for the French reader, it seems, was his power of phrase-making. "C'est un attrait de plus ajouté à celui de l'action, laquelle est vraiment émouvante, et fait honneur au romancier anglais."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is an engraving by F. Balbidge, from Sir James Thornhill's painting of George Frederick Handel. The most charming illustration is the engraving from M. Gustave Courtois' picture, "The Burial of Atala." Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's article on "Handel and His Portraits," is a sensible addition to musical biography. It is sad to think that Berlioz should so far have forgotten himself as to dub the great musician "that barrel of pork and beer." The *Magazine of Art* is in other respects altogether commendable.



THE SEASON.—May did not become genial when the normal "cold period" about the 10th was over. On the contrary, it was not till about the 18th that the temperature showed any improvement, and even then the rains kept the air chilly. Cereals are very backward, but the plant in most places is vigorous. Early-sown barley, as well as autumn wheat, clings close to the ground and awaits the stimulus of hot days. Potatoes and mangolds were well got in as a rule, but although the planting was early there is yet but little growth to be seen above ground. Winter-sown tares are a thick and healthy plant, but they are a fortnight late, and will not be cut as a rule before June. The growth of the pastures is very slow, and oilcake and other artificial foods are still in request. Hay looks like being a short crop nearly everywhere.

FROM THE NORTH, a correspondent writes that the health of his stock has been badly affected by the cold May. Where milch cows have been turned out, the supply of milk is not what it should be, for the kine wander about looking starved and with their backs up, while sheep have suffered from scour, owing to the combined effect of new grass shoots and the frosty air. It has been next to impossible to keep calves in the house from taking cold, the alternations of the weather proving most difficult to meet. The farm work is generally well forward, in the Lowlands of Scotland a large breadth of land has already been sown with turnips, which are just showing above the ground. The spring corn looks rather yellow, but no injury has been done beyond the power of a fine June to repair.

CATTLE AND SHEEP SALES.—The prices obtained at the great Hindlip Shorthorn Sale have startled breeders by the "drop" in value unexpectedly disclosed. Exceptional circumstances do not seem to be pleaded. The "drop" is accepted as a genuine sign of the times. The Oxford tribe appear to have fallen in value even more than the other divisions of the famous Shorthorn breed. The fall in price is disappointing to the breeder, but not wholly an agricultural calamity, for while prices still admit of breeding at a profit, the tenant farmer may soon be able to purchase "thoroughbreds"—to borrow a term from the Turf—which but a lustrum since were quite beyond his means. Sheep sales have shown price recovery, and for rams in especial very good prices have recently been obtained.

FRUIT.—The frosts of mid-May have been very serious in respect to gooseberries and black currants in exposed situations, and also to the most delicate descriptions of cherries. The strawberry blossom also has suffered. With these deductions, the fruit prospect remains good. Apple blossom is late but thick in orchards from Devonshire to Kent. Pears blossomed well, so have all sorts of plums, also the harder cherries. The raspberries and red currants do not seem to have suffered so much as the other bush fruit, and if the summer be warm there will be a fine yield.

LOCAL BOARDS might ordinarily be expected to aid the ratepayer even though he has to pay heavily for a protection which he has not personally sought. It is a serious matter therefore when, through the medium of the Law Courts, we hear of Local Boards poisoning the local streams and turning them into open sewers, in an attempt to get rid of sewage matter and irrigate the land therewith. The way in which sewage is to be disposed of is often more of a trouble for small towns than large ones, as the former cannot pay for elaborate sewage "works." But whatever means of sewage disposition be adopted, one thing is quite certain, and that is that the small open streams of the vicinity must not be poisoned. A surer way of breeding pestilence it would be impossible to find.

THE CUCKOO has been heard in the Regent's Park, and has quite taken up a residence at Hampstead. Nightingales have been heard almost as near London on the southern side, and swifts, swallows, and martins may all be observed skimming suburban pools. But the summer birds have reached the London districts late this year, and in fewer numbers than usual. The swallow tribe are by no means as plentiful as they were a few years since, and the song birds are becoming rarer and rarer except perhaps in the all but deserted gardens of the Crystal Palace, which the wild birds seem now to have almost entirely to themselves. Bricks and mortar have done much to drive swallows and songbirds from the London vicinage, but the sparrow has done more.

LORD VERNON offers the following prizes for dairy cows to be judged on their owners' farms. Class I. 50*l.*, for the cows in any

pure bred Shorthorn herd, numbering not less than ten, showing the best milk-producing qualities. Class II. 50*l.*, for the best herd of dairy cows, any breed of cows, numbering not less than twenty animals, the property of a tenant farmer renting not less than seventy-five acres. Conditions and forms of entry are to be obtained of Mr. Young, 191, Fleet Street.

IRELAND AND BUTTER.—The great Irish agricultural industry of butter-making is depressed, like other industries. Prices are now low, while quality is approaching the best. Some of the very purest butter of the year is made off the new grass before the great heat of summer sets in, and while the cattle are in the best condition for milk producing. The early cool-made butter of this period, stored in cool cellars, will keep its fine quality for a long time. As to the prospects of prices, every penny per pound taken off the retail price makes people use butter more freely, and the available supply of butter is used up without reserve. An examination of the imports of butter for the last month shows that, on the whole, the supply of butter is not such as to warrant the expectation of extremely low prices continuing.

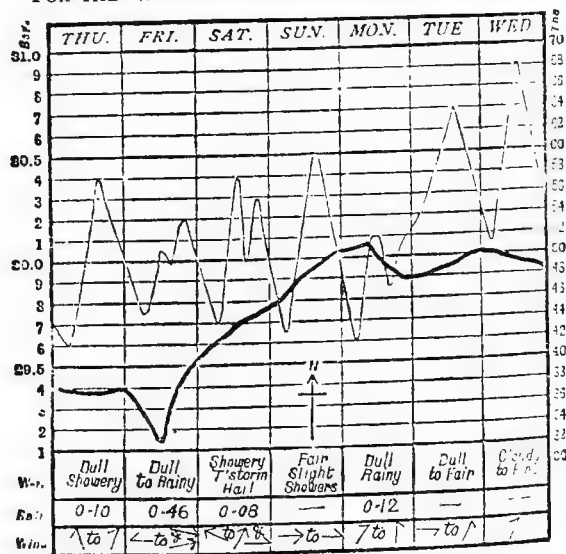
THE SOMERSET COUNTY SHOW was held last week at Taunton, and the first meeting of this new Society was a fairly successful one. The class for agricultural mares was well filled, but otherwise the show of horses was poor. There was a very good show of Shorthorns, which, however, were far outnumbered by the Devons, which were really a grand display. Colonel Walrond sent some fine Guernseys, and Mr. Cornish some very good Jersey cattle. But for these two exhibitors the Channel Islands would have been very inefficiently represented. The Exmoor horned sheep were well shown, Colonel Walrond and Mr. E. T. Stanley, M.P., taking the principal prizes. The show of pigs was poor, and the butter and cheese classes were not well filled.

COUNTRY RESIDENTS do not use the Parcels Post as much as they might, though curiously they use it a good deal in a very unsuitable way, i.e. for sending eggs. Apart from questions of suitability, eggs are not worth a halfpenny an ounce, and therefore do not stand the rate of 1*s.* for 7*lbs.*, for that includes the weight of the basket, and then to get back the empty basket will cost 1*s.* 3*d.* for carrying about 6*lbs.* of eggs worth about 1*s.* 8*d.* per lb. or say 3*s.* or 4*s.* To pack eggs with newspaper, sawdust, cotton, wool, bran, or chaff, adds to the weight, and takes time, which is money. In winter when eggs sell for 2*d.* and 2½*d.* they might possibly go by Parcels Post, but not in spring or summer. Butter is a far more hopeful article for sending by post, and if made into pound lumps rolled in thin muslin, to be returned with the box, and pressed into a tight tin or wooden box tied down with string and sealed it would go all right, but 1*s.* will only carry about 6*lbs.* of butter and the back carriage would be 3*d.*, making 2½*d.* per lb. as the cost of carriage. Still, at 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb., the finest farm butter can be sold at a profit, and the purchaser will pay 1*s.* 6*d.* for an assured article, which gets over both the producer's and the Government charges. There is no reason why country residents should not oblige their town friends in this way, and make a profit themselves, while assuring their friends a superior and far safer article to that which is to be had at the shops for the same money. As to the regular farmer, he really ought to develop this side of his vocation, and to see if the new facilities of the Parcels Post cannot be made a means of securing a ready consumption for hitherto-neglected sorts of farm produce. As to packing, it is a difficult matter, but even the extreme carelessness and roughness of the Parcels Post people can be guarded against.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Foot-and-mouth disease has been got under, and probably exterminated, though some doubt is still felt as to the immunity of parts of Yorkshire.—Swine fever, on the other hand, has largely increased, 895 animals having been attacked last week.—Thanks to the efforts of Sir John Lubbock, a school of forestry is likely to be established in this country. The recent discussion in Parliament disclosed a practical unanimity in favor of the scheme.—The weather at Whitsuntide was cool with passing showers. The horse chestnut, the red and white May trees, and the yellow laburnum are now in full bloom.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which the maximum occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Throughout the greater part of the past week the weather has been decidedly inclement for the time of year, with thunderstorms in many parts of Great Britain. At the commencement of the period a depression moved over Scotland, and as this apparently moved away to the Atlantic, a well-defined and somewhat deep subsidiary disturbance made its appearance off the south-west of England. This travelled along our southern coasts at first, and then moving north-easterly and northerly, finally appeared to fill up off the coast of Norway. Westerly gales in the Channel and over western France attended this disturbance, with rain in the south of the United Kingdom, and Sun and fair weather prevailed elsewhere. During Saturday (23rd inst.) and Sunday (24th inst.) the barometer rose steadily generally, with westerly breezes and improving weather at most places. In the course of Sunday night (24th inst.) however, the mercury began to fall briskly in the west, and by Monday morning (25th inst.) a depression was found off the south of Ireland. This brought southerly winds of some strength and cold rain to nearly all parts of the country. As this disturbance moved north-eastwards, the barometer rose steadily in places, with south-westerly or southerly breezes, fair weather, and an increase in temperature generally. At the close of the week a new depression lay off the south-west of Ireland, with fresh southerly winds and unsettled conditions in those localities, while over the southern and eastern parts of England 42° southerly breezes and fair weather continued to prevail. Temperature has been low for the time of year (some degrees less than the average), and on Tuesday (26th inst.) the maximum thermometer was below 60° at all but one of our two stations. The barometer was highest (30°05 inches) on Monday (25th inst.); lowest (29°11 inches) on Friday (22nd inst.); range, 0°92 in best. Temperature was highest (68°) on Wednesday (27th inst.); lowest (42°) on Thursday (21st inst.); and Monday (23rd inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0°76 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0°45 inches on Friday (22nd inst.).



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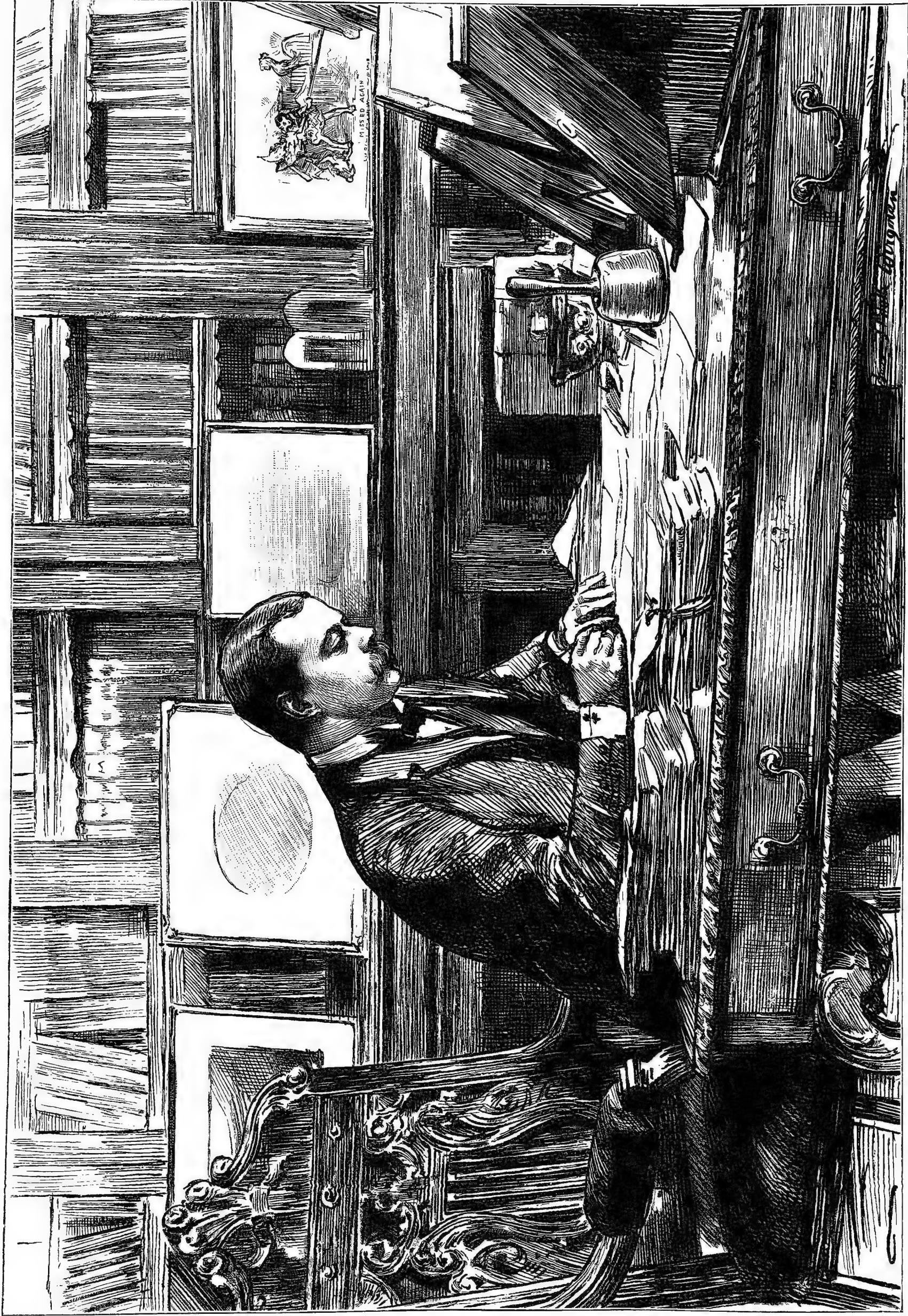
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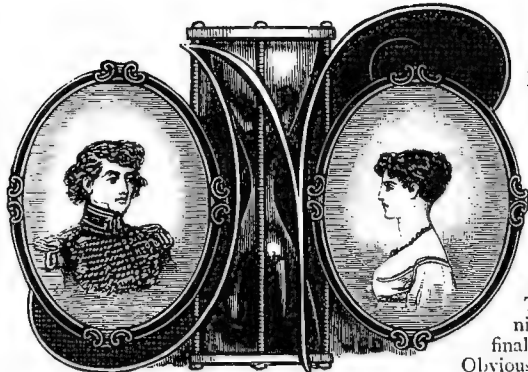
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CHAPTER XV.

ONLY A TRAMP



IGIIT was falling at the Gairloch Head when a conveyance drove up and stopped at the hall door. The driver got down, and began to bring forth sundry boxes and to load the cart with them. By and by a woman came out of the house and got into the waggon. Then they turned towards the city. Suddenly the horse came to a full stop. It was now quite dark, and the carter, who had a "drappie in his ee," endeavoured to urge the animal onward, but in vain. The sagacious brute trembled violently, whinied loudly, reared back on his haunches, and finally concluded not to budge another foot. Obviously there was nothing for it but for Duncan M'Tavish to get down and see what was the matter.

In getting down he smashed his lantern, and the light went out. See, he couldn't—feel, he did. In a moment he called out to the woman in the cart,

"Eh, Jeannie! Here's a mon leeing a' but deed. Na wonder Jock wouldna budge. He was aye a gey, 'cute beast. Come down and gie a hond, woman—we'll na leave a Christen to dee while there's a wee bit squeak for his life."

They lifted the man into the cart, and Jeannie supported the poor creature's head on her lap, little dreaming for whom she did that Christian office; but when the light fell on his pallid face at Doctor Miller's door, and she saw who it was, all the blood in her heart stood still, but she didn't come of a fainting race—besides, she had something else to do just then.

"What, what!" she exclaimed, "the mistress was aye richt! He isna dead after a'—the puir, bonnie laddie. Doctor, doctor! come butt the noo!" she screamed like a madwoman. When she told Miller who the broken-down wayfarer was he instantly had poor Curly brought in, and put in the best bed in the house. Restoratives were employed, but it was long before consciousness supervened.

On his return from Strathmines Willie found a message from the doctor, requesting him to call immediately at Breadalbane Terrace. Jeannie came rushing to the door to meet him, crying bitterly, and exclaiming, "We hae fun' him—we hae fun' him! but, oh, puir laddie, how changed! Thank God, my bonnie dearie didna live to see it! It would hae broken the heart o' her—as it has mine!"

Before Willie had time to speak, she had urged him forward into an adjacent bedroom, where his poor friend lay shivering in a fitful, fevered sleep. Great hollows were in his cheeks and beneath his closed eyes. A profusion of long, curly snow-white hair streamed over his brow and round his thin, worn neck. Good Heaven! Could it be possible that this faded wreck was all that was left of the once bright, winsome Curly?

Long afterwards Jamieson learnt that as soon as Donald left the asylum at Kew the poor fellow set forth on foot for the North. Drenched with rain, and half starving, he fell down fainting in the streets of Birmingham. He was taken up by the police, and charged with being drunk. Fortunately, the Inspector was an intelligent man, who immediately sent for a doctor, on whose certificate Curly was removed to the pauper lunatic asylum.

After a sojourn of some months he was discharged. Thanks to his kind physician, he was assisted on by the mail as far as Newcastle-on-Tyne. From thence the manager of the theatre sent him by coach to Edinburgh. On inquiry there he found that Willie had gone to Aberdeen weeks before. Not a human being in his native city recognised in the shabby, broken-down, prematurely old man the former spruce cornet in the Midlothian Volunteers. He was almost glad that it was so, and he slunk out of Edinburgh as daylight fell, resuming his weary march northwards; nor did he halt till he found a resting place in a friendly barn by the wayside, which sheltered him until daybreak. He had some two or three shillings still left, which kept him from absolute starvation. Fortunately the weather was fine—so by night he slept in barns, under hayricks, or, indeed, wherever he could find shelter. At length he reached Aberdeen. When he inquired at the theatre for Willie he was told that he was staying at Gairloch House.

"Gairloch House!" he exclaimed. "That is where she lives. Oh, no! It can't be—that's impossible."

He resolved to write to Jamieson at once, but his impatience would not allow him to wait. He would go immediately. Then his pride stepped in—he did not wish her to see him thus changed and worn—thus ragged and wretched. There could be no harm anyhow in going near the place—in looking upon the spot which enshrined all he held most dear, so he walked towards the Gairloch Head.

There stood the house and the garden, exactly as he had left them two years ago—nothing seem changed except himself. Yes—she must be changed too, else she would not have sent him that cruel reminder of his weakness and degradation. Yet, perhaps, on the other hand, she meant to release him from the shameful compact into which he had been coerced—perhaps she—"but alas!" he thought, "she doubtless remains young and beautiful as ever, while I—"

At this moment a tall, spare man left the house, and came rapidly to the spot where Curly sat. The poor wretch could contain his impatience no longer, so he accosted the stranger.

"I beg pardon, sir," said he, "but is Mr. Jamieson still staying at the house yonder?"

"Mr. Jamieson is not staying at the house," replied Mr. M'Crawley Gittens, for it was he, "nor has he stayed there since the day of the funeral."

"The funeral! What funeral? Whose funeral?"

"Miss Flora M'Allister's."

"Flora M'Allister!"

"Ay—she was buried three days ago." And so the limb of the law passed on. Curly stood looking at his retreating figure till it faded altogether into the mist of evening; then, without a sigh or sound, he dropped like a stone on the highway, where Duncan M'Tavish and Jeannie M'Pherson found him lying some hours later.

CHAPTER XVI.

ELSPETH'S WEIRD

As far as care and kindness could alleviate Curly's sufferings they were alleviated, and gradually he came to himself. By degrees he resumed his old relations with Willie, and at last he was enabled to get about, leaning on the other's strong arm.

Several weeks elapsed, and Jamieson's slender resources were running short, but fortunately the time for the commencement of his engagement at Glasgow was drawing near.

Doctor Miller wished Curly to stay with him, but he pleaded so piteously not to be left behind

that Jamieson couldn't find it in his heart to say him nay. So after arranging to send half his salary every month towards the costs of the law suit, Willie decided to leave Aberdeen for Glasgow on the following day. His wardrobe had been stored at the theatre, and at about twelve on the morning of his departure he was standing at the stage-door in Marischal Street, giving the necessary directions for his luggage to be forwarded, when he felt his arm clutched violently, and Curly, with a wild scream ejaculated: "Look! look! at Death on the pale horse!"

Turning round, he saw Deempster riding down the street, his eyes bloodshot and his face aflame. Whether he came to seek Willie with murderous intent, or whether the Devil got the better of him at the sight of the man who had beaten him, can never be known till the day of doom. Certain it is, however, that the moment he saw the two young men, he put spurs to his horse and rode furiously at Jamieson. With his heavy riding-whip he struck him a tremendous blow on the head, which brought him to his knee, and would most certainly have split his skull open had it not been for his tall chimney-pot hat. Reversing his grip, and passing his hand like lightning through the thong, Deempster sent the heavy buckthorn head, with its cruel fangs, hurtling through the air. Had that blow reached its aim there would have been an end at once of Willie Jamieson, and consequently this story would never have been written. At that very moment, however, Curly, with something of his old alertness, at the imminent peril of his own life, sprang upon the bridle of the horse, and backed it. As the huge brute reared in the air the tremendous impetus of the blow flung Deempster forward, and he fell head foremost on the kerb of the granite pavement, with a sound that was heard at the other end of the street. As he fell one foot remained inextricably entangled in the stirrup-iron, and the horse galloped madly round the corner to the right, dragging the body of the dead man after him. And thus it came to pass that Curly was avenged, and that, by his own hand and deed, the Laird of Strathmines fulfilled Elspeth M'Diarmid's weird!

CHAPTER XVII.

FACE TO FACE

JAMIESON'S engagement in Glasgow extended, on and off, for some years, during which his modest income was mortgaged for law expenses, so that he was able to save little or nothing. Curly's acting days were over; but he wrote a beautiful hand, and employed himself in copying parts, MSS., &c., for the theatre. Of course he didn't make much by this; but he contributed some small portion towards the household expenses, always hoarding up a little treasure for an especial purpose. Year after year, as regularly as the 12th of May approached, he disappeared. Generally he returned about a month afterwards, and resumed his place without a word. Willie guessed pretty well where he had been; but they quite understood each other, and no word ever passed between them on the subject.

They grew older, and the world grew greyer and gloomier for both, and the case of "Jamieson and Miller v. M'Allister and others" continued to impoverish the poor player.

Mr. M'Crawley Gittens, having exhausted every artifice that pettifoggery and chicanery could suggest, was at length brought to bay, and the final hearing came on, which resulted in a verdict for the defendant.

The very next day Jamieson gave notice of appeal. Then commenced affidavits, interlocutories, and I don't know what all. Anyhow the whole thing had to begin *de novo*. Of course the lawyers, as usual, took their time over it. But there is one comfort, you can have a good deal of law for a little money in Scotland—i.e., compared with the cost of the article in England.

While this precious lawsuit dragged its slow length along, Jamieson was acting in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, the York Circuit, &c. Wherever he went Curly accompanied him. At last engagements were difficult to obtain in England, so the friends returned to the Land o' Cakes. But, alas! "a new generation had arisen, which knew not Willie." Younger men had stepped into his shoes, and poor Jamieson had to retire, and take a back seat, until he sank to be, as we had seen him the night before, leading man at the Theatre Royal, Paisley.

And now comes the remarkable coincidence to which I have before referred.

As Pike got to this portion of his narrative we reached the summit of a hill, at the bottom of which, some two miles off, lay Stuart Town, through which we had to pass during almost the last stage of our journey. As we paused to contemplate the prospect, and indeed to take breath, for we were both a little blown, our attention was attracted to a solitary foot passenger, about three or four hundred yards in front, who came walking along briskly towards us. Despite his shabby clothes, he had the air and manner of a gentleman. His figure seemed wiry and elastic; his hair fell about his neck in a profusion of snow-white silky curls; the collar of his shirt was turned down over a frayed black silk handkerchief, revealing a singularly beautiful neck; he carried his head erect; his eyes seemed fixed on vacancy, and his whole manner was so engrossed and pre-occupied that he scarcely observed us until within a stone's throw, when, to my astonishment, Pike gave a long, low whistle, as he exclaimed:

"Well, I never! Who'd have thought it? Talk o' the de'il! An' how's aw' wi' ye, Curly?"

Mr. Campbell—for it was he—drew himself up for a moment, coldly; then, recovering himself, replied, with a pleasant smile:

"What, Pike! Still on the road, old man? Don't you begin to feel tired of it, and wish it were all over? Sometimes

I'm of Antony's mood, after Actium, and feel disposed to cry—

Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done,

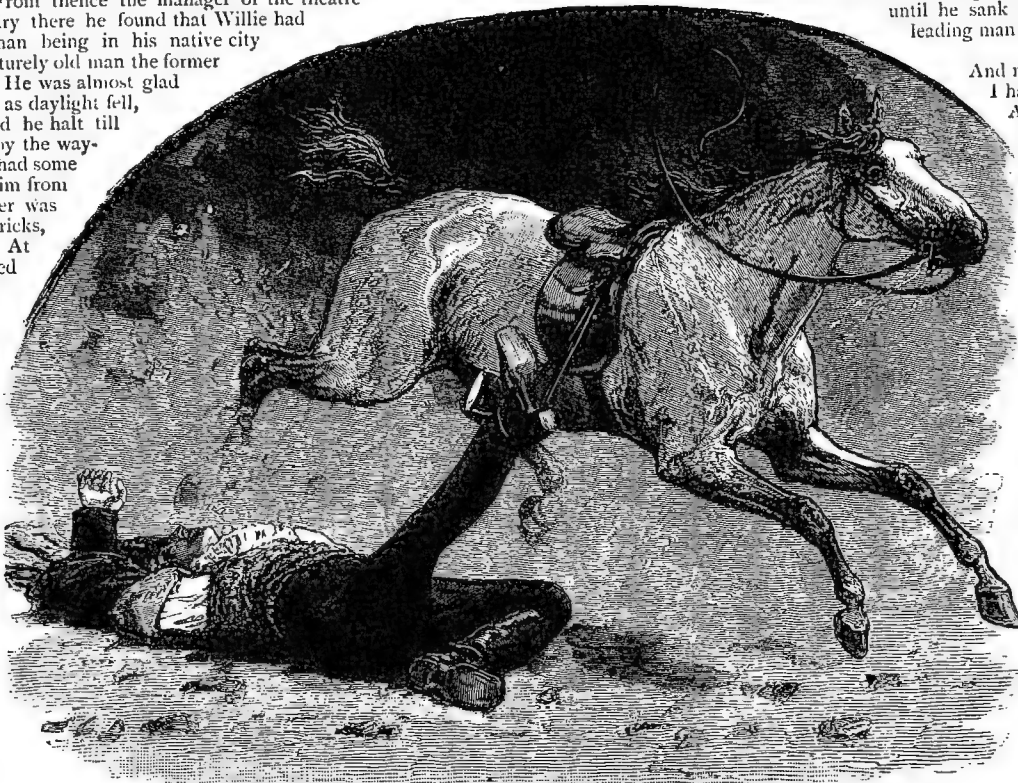
But no, no. I suppose I've not courage enough to take off my own armour. And, after all, we've only got to wait a little longer for 'the good time coming' at the end of the journey; and then, you know, as Cato puts it, 'My bane and antidote are both before me.' But 'what a rogue and peasant slave am I' to go wool-gathering thus! Who's the boy?"

Pike introduced me to Mr. Campbell as "the juvenile hero of the company, the coming man, the future Romeo," &c.

The old gentleman said, with a sweet smile:

"Excuse me, sir, old men will still be talking; it's the privilege of age. You are young and sanguine. Ah! I was young and sanguine once myself. I hope you will have better fortune than befel me. You have an open brow and a frank eye. You can look a man in the face; I'm sure you're not afraid. It's a bad thing to be afraid. One moment of fear blighted the life of a man I know as well as I know myself. Cleanliness, they say, is next to godliness, but manliness is above everything. If a man insults you, if he is as big as Goliath, don't wait to talk, hit him first; hit him if your heart is quaking, if your nerves are shaking; hit him if he kills you after! A brave man can only die but once; but the coward! Ah! God help the poor miserable coward, for he dies every day, every hour he lives!" He paused, and looked strangely round as he took off his hat, passed his hand through his beautiful hair; then he stopped, took up a handful of snow, and rubbed it on his brow, mopped it dry, and said with a low desponding moan,—

"Oh, God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite



space, were it not that I have bad dreams." Then he continued, "I fear you will think me rather eccentric, and so I am; but I was not always thus, was I, Pike? I was—what was I? I'm sure I forget. Well, and how is Madame la Pike, and the young fishes? And the stock debt? And do we still delight the lieges with Sir Edward Mortimer, and Pizarro, and the Baillie, and Caleb Balderston? And get glorious as of yore on the mountain dew, fresh from Glenlivet?" Then in an altered tone, and with a touch of sadness in his voice, "Of all things else, avoid that, young gentleman. Remember, 'There's death in the pot.' Only begin with that, and 'Facilis descensus Avernus.' All the rest is easy; slap, bang, down you go through the primrose path till you get to the abyss at the bottom."

At this moment Pike cut in with—

"We saw Lang Willie last night at Paisley."

"Did you," responded the other; "then you saw one for whom

Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—"This was a man!"

After a moment's pause he began to hum "Annie Laurie" half aloud and half to himself. At last Pike whispered him, then he changed altogether, and said—

"You're a good fellow, Pike. What is it the Baillie says to Rob Roy? 'You're a sort of a kind of honest rogue,' but as to money, 'Keep your trash, Baillie; keep your trash.' See, although we have got to our last Roberto, yet," and he sent a bright new shilling spinning in the air and caught it deftly—

"What is it Cleopatra's mailed Bacchus

says? 'Yet have we a brain that

nourishes our nerves,' not, by the

bye, that he could have had

much brains to spare when

he made such an ass of

himself for the sake

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year he seems more and more broken down, and I'm getting very anxious about him. For two years I have been out of an engagement, and we have had very hard times, and now that brighter days are in store, poor fellow, it would be hard if he could not share this good fortune, and I hope I am not selfish when I say it would be hard for me, too, to be left alone in my old age without a friend."

I was up early, having a ten o'clock rehearsal. As I had only my scenes to run through in *The Lady of Lyons*, and as both Pauline and the widow had played their parts with me before, I had finished by twelve o'clock, when Jamieson called for me to accompany him to the house of his co-executor, Dr. Miller.

The two old friends met with effusive congratulations as to the final result of the protracted law suit. It was quite touching to see the tearful delight of Jeannie M'Pherson at the sight of Willie, but the more touching still it was to see the welcome accorded him by the Doctor's only daughter, a lovely, fair-haired girl of eighteen. I thought then, and I think still, that Maggie Miller is altogether the most charming, guileless, and beautiful creature I have ever seen in my life. Accident—sheer accident had led me to my fate. If I hadn't gone to Paisley with Pike I shouldn't have known Willie Jamieson—perhaps I should have known nothing about Curly, most certainly I should never have known Maggie Miller. Ah, my darling! I loved you from that moment, and—but I am becoming personal—and the interest of this story centres in its unfortunate hero, not upon a mere fly on the wheel.

Presently Willie in-

quired of the

Doctor if he

had seen,

Curly,

consisting of two venerable gentlemen and two women, one of them young and fair, the other grown old in loving, faithful servitude.

For a little while we are silent.

I think we are all looking at the pictures—I'm sure I am. Is it a phantasy, or am I dreaming by daylight? The eyes have moved! Instead of looking as usual at each other, they are both looking straight at me! Yes, I could swear it! I—

Hark! Isn't that a peal of childish joyous laughter? Yes, and see! Two youngsters with fair faces, bright eyes, sunny hair, and sturdy legs (inherited from their father) fill the air with life and motion as they come bounding into the room from the lawn. No two children of my acquaintance are so spoiled and petted as this young lady and gentleman. Their present appearance is most inopportune, hence Mamma induces them for a moment to confine their attentions to a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in cream. But the spell is broken—the bairns have brought us back to earth.

Then one dear old man wakes up and says,

"The story is o'er true, Jack, but you have made one of the characters too like King Arthur, and you've not done justice to the others."

Little pitchers have long ears, and our little listeners, having polished off their strawberries, cream and all, demand to know "Who is King Arthur?"

The other old gentleman replies,

"Oh, he's the King of Kingdom Come."

The youngsters return to the charge with,

"Oh, that'll no do, grandpa. Kingdom Come is in the clouds."

"Just so, my bonnie bairns," replies the doctor, "and Arthur is the great King of Cloudland, but he's coming back to airth to make the dark light and the wrang richt some day."

Although this answer poses the children, it doesn't seem to satisfy them, and they clamour to know,

"Who are the others?"

Mamma replies to the girl in her soft sweet voice,

"Oh, one was a beautiful lady, whom you are called after, Flora."

Then Grandpa Willie, patting the boy's golden curls, says tenderly and gravely,

"And the other, my mannie, the other was a friend,

a very near and dear friend of mine, and a namesake of your's, my little Curly."

THE END

INTERVIEWED BY A SWAN

A FISHING INCIDENT

THE recent death of the Earl of Dudley reminds me of an incident that happened to me thirty-eight years ago, during my College days. His lordship—who was, at that time, known as Lord Ward—had for many years very kindly given me permission to fish in the large and well-preserved pools on his Worcestershire estate; and, when I desired, I could have the use of a man and a boat. As I was fond of the gentle art, I often availed myself of Lord Ward's kindness, which I remember with gratitude to this day; for many an hour of true enjoyment was thereby afforded me.

By the side of one of the largest of the pools was a wood well-known to his lordship's shooting friends, and in which, in my school-boy days, I loved to wander with the keeper, and watch him feeding the pheasants, that flocked to his call as poultry would do to the farmer's wife. It was in that same wood, when I was walking along a narrow path, fishing-rod in hand, that I suddenly saw in the tree, just over my head, a great wild-cat, dark grey with black stripes, and bushy tail, glaring at me with fierce eyes, and ready, as it appeared, to spring upon my shoulders. Although I had but one look at it, I have never forgotten it. I took to my heels forthwith; and for some weeks after that visited other pools when I wanted some fishing. My fears, however, were shortly relieved by the keeper shooting the cat, which, of course, was handed over to a noted animal stuffer in the nearest town, and I daresay is still to be seen in a glass case. It was supposed to be the last wild-cat destroyed in that part of Worcestershire, and it was the only one that I ever set eyes upon.

But it was not at that pool that the incident occurred which I am about to relate. It was at another pool, about two miles distant, in which there was famous perch fishing. I once caught there a dozen perch that weighed fifteen pounds; and occasionally I have hooked there a perch that turned the scale at two pounds, the landing and playing of which was no slight task, to say nothing of the working of his dorsal spine in the ungloved hand.

I had gone to this pool on a summer's evening in the Long Vacation of 1847, and had finished my sport, packed my rod, and slung the well-filled creel over my shoulders. I was at the far end of a narrow tongue of land that projected for some distance into the pool, and formed an excellent position from which to throw a line. There were trees and willows and bushes upon it, but they did not interfere with the angler. A couple of swans, with their dusky cygnets, had been sailing about the pool, but did not come near to this tongue of land, and I had watched their graceful movements and their shadows in the water. Each of them, like Wordsworth's swan on still St. Mary's lake, floated "double, swan and shadow;" and I remembered that on my way to the pool, by the outskirts of the town, I had passed a public-house, bearing a large sign—painted by a local eccentric genius, who claimed to be a son of George IV.—which represented "The Swan with Two Necks." He had accepted the popular idea that it was not a swan with two necks—the marks made on its bill by the swan-upper to denote its ownership—but that it was a fabulous bird with two necks. But he had not, as is too often the case, depicted it with these two necks encircled by a gilt coronet, but he had painted it with its reflection in the water, making the body to look as one body, with the clearly reflected neck as the second neck.

I also called to mind Wordsworth's early poem, "An Evening Walk," where there is such a beautiful description of a scene that altogether coincided with that on which I looked—the two swans with their brood of cygnets, sailing among the water-lilies. Here are a few of the lines:—

How pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where winds the road along a secret bay,
Along the "wild, meandering shore" to view
Obsequious grace the winding swan pursue;
He swells his lifted chest, and backward flings
His bridling neck beneath his tow'ring wings;
On as he floats, the silvered waters glow,
Proud of the varying arch and moveless form of snow

While tender cares and mild domestic loves
With furtive watch pursue her as she moves,
The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
And her brown little ones around her leads,
Nibbling the water-lilies as they pass,
Or playing wanton with the floating grass.

good bye; good luck to you at Kilmarnock. May your shadow never grow less; may your stock debt never increase; may you never share less than half-a-crown a night, and candles to boot. Ta, ta. 'We pray Heaven to have you in its holy keeping!'" And so, throwing his head aloft, he walked rapidly down the hill, singing as he passed out of sight the song of Autolycus—

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile a—
A merry heart goes all the way;
Your sad tires in a mile a.

That was how I made Curly's acquaintance; and, indeed, that was the first and last and only time I ever saw Donald Campbell until—but I must not anticipate.

With reference to the remainder of our journey—

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;

even so would the reader regard our adventures at Kilmarnock as tedious and irrelevant, so I pass them by, and leave the record for another time and place.

In the next chapter I will take up the thread of Curly's and Willie's story as it came almost under my own personal cognisance, many a long day after poor old Pike and I had parted company for ever.

CHAPTER XVIII.

END OF THE JOURNEY

NEARLY five years had elapsed since the day Curly and I met and parted on the Queen's highway.

I had emerged from the "crowd," and was "starring" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, from whence I had to go to Aberdeen for six nights. I closed in Glasgow on Saturday, and had to open in Aberdeen on Monday. Railways were now, more or less, all over Scotland, but through some prejudice, derived from the Dark Ages, there was still no communication between Glasgow and Edinburgh on Sunday. Sorely exercised in my mind as to how I was to get through in time to open at Aberdeen, I strolled down Argyle Street on Saturday morning towards the Railway Station, when I perceived in the crowd in the opposite direction, and overtaking every one around, a stately, white-bearded man, with the head and "front of Jove himself."

Although I had never seen him since the night we met in Paisley I could not be mistaken—it was "Lang Willie."

For years I had pondered on the nobility, the beauty, the self-sacrifice of that manly nature—the misfortunes of his unhappy friend. I knew the prolonged struggles they had encountered with poverty, and I was really delighted at the thought that the prosperity of the poor lad whom he had helped in adversity might enable me now, perhaps, to befriend him, so I made my way towards Mr. Jamieson and, *sans ceremonie*, reminded him of the circumstances of our slight acquaintance five years back.

"Good Heavens," he said, "you don't mean to say you are that slip of a lad who was with old Pike in Paisley five years ago? Well, I should never have thought it." Then he told me he had been to the theatre, had seen my Hamlet, and he said some civil things about it.

It was getting nigh dinner time, and I persuaded him to come to the hotel and dine with me. After dinner the conversation turned on my journey to Aberdeen, and the difficulty I anticipated in getting through to Edinburgh. To my astonishment and delight, he said,

"Well, this meeting is as fortunate as it is pleasant. Not an hour before I met you I received the welcome news that the final decision in the case of Jamieson and Miller v. M'Allister and others had been given in our favour. I am only awaiting a telegram to enable me to start for Aberdeen, and take possession of the estate at once. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll call for you here at twelve o'clock to-night with a coach and pair, and we'll drive to Edinburgh together, and catch the express for Aberdeen in the morning."

At twelve o'clock he came according to promise. We caught the mail at Edinburgh, and arrived at Aberdeen at about twelve on Sunday night. Although we were fatigued, the journey had been a pleasant one for me.

Before we parted for the night Mr. Jamieson said, "Of course you know my poor friend's sad story. To-morrow is the anniversary of the great misfortune of his life. Every year he regularly disappears at this time for a month or more, and as year succeeds

for he was due that very day. For years he had never failed to present himself at Breadalbane Terrace by noon on this sad anniversary. We waited until about two o'clock, then everybody got anxious. Although it was in the "merrie month of May"—by one of those strange freaks of the "Clerk of the Weather," by no means unusual in Scotland—snow had fallen heavily overnight. Jamieson feared that his poor friend might have been overtaken by the snowstorm. At last, he could endure the suspense no longer, so he proposed to go out and see if they could obtain any news. The Doctor told Maggie to slip on her hat and cloak and accompany us. As we were leaving the house, Jeannie came into the hall, equipped for walking, and said:—

"Doctor, let me gang, too, and show you the way. I ken where to find the puir laddie. I ken weel eneuch—I saw him thrice yestreen."

"Saw whom?" said the Doctor; "why did ye no tell us then, ye daft old gowk?"

"Because I hoped my dream would na hold; but it'll be over true, I'm gey sure; but—there—step out, and see for yourself." So saying, she stepped rapidly before us. The Doctor and Willie walked side by side, talking to each other in anxious undertones; and my—I mean Miss Miller and I brought up the rear.

It was a lovely day; the sun shone brightly, melting the snow on the tree tops which stood forth green and bright, the glowing beauties of the chestnut blossoms contrasting vividly with the green leaves and the sparkling white of the crisply-frozen snow which lay upon the ground, and which as yet defied the sun. The birds were singing, a hare and half-a-dozen rabbits crossed the road before us, and, turning round, confronted us fearlessly. A squirrel gambolled about in a tree over our heads; then we heard a squeaking noise, and the coneys scurried away, just in time to escape a hideous beast of a weasel, which slid across the road, and rapidly wriggled through the covert in full pursuit.

At length we had reached a little mountain chapel on the hill-side. Jeannie led the way through the gate; we followed her rapidly.

As we turned the corner to the left a man lay at full length amidst the snow upon the grave where Flora M'Allister lay sleeping.

He was sleeping, too. His right arm was twined round the slender cross at the head of the grave, his hands were clasped together, and his head lay in profile resting on his shoulder. His face was fair and beautiful as in his youth; his silver curls glittered in the sunshine, and formed an argentine glory round his white brow; his eyes were closed; a smile was on his lips.

He had reached the end of the journey, where she was waiting for him. So, best. For him no more trouble now—no more weariness—no more lamentations—only rest!

L'ENVOI

THE TWO PICTURES

SIX years and more have passed. We have moved from Aberdeen to the neighbourhood of Richmond. It is a cool summer evening. We are in a large drawing-room with French windows opening on a lawn, which slopes down to the river. The room is furnished and adorned with all that taste can suggest, and moderate wealth can supply.

Our pictures are much admired, but it is needless to make an inventory of them; I only desire to call attention to two which stand out from the rest. They are companion portraits. The one is a handsome, fair-haired young man in a Cornet's uniform, the other is a beautiful dark-haired girl in white. They are placed exactly opposite each other. Now I have noticed that, as a rule, portraits painted by men of genius, from Holbein to Millais downwards (and the young lady is one of Millais' best), have a peculiarity—the eyes have the power to follow you all over the room wherever you go. These pictures of ours have a yet more remarkable peculiarity—their eyes are fixed only on each other, with a tenderness so touching, so expressive, and so infinite, that at night, when the household is at rest, and when (for I am always a late bird) I have been sitting reading my book, or studying my last new part, I have often sat and watched and wondered, and have almost expected to hear them speak to each other. This fancy has perhaps scarcely ever affected me so strongly as at this very moment.

I have just finished reading this story to a small family circle,

And, soon after, as the shadows of evening began to fall, and the golden light was spreading in the west, I saw the realisation of those other lines in the same poem :—

She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
Forgets, unweary watching every side;
Alternately they mount her back, and rest,
Close by her mantling wings' embraces prest.

The cygnets got upon her back and crept under her wings, which she spread out for their covering. She remained in the middle of the pool, and there she would float all through the night, keeping her little ones safe from the water-rats and voracious pike. Their burden weighed her, so that she was sunk deeply in the water; but, there she remained, serenely happy, with here and there a dusky head of a cygnet peeping from under her white wings, their ark of safety. The faithful mate swam around her for a time; and then, I fancy, he must have espied me, and taken me for a possible enemy; for, by the time that I had packed up my fishing-traps, and had prepared to leave that narrow tongue of land, I found that Mr. Swan was in possession of it, and was confronting me. He had evidently posted himself there with the intention of cutting off my retreat.

The slip of land was far too narrow to permit me to pass by him, if he chose to contest the way; and he was clearly prepared to do this. I was fully aware of his strength and fierceness; for I well knew that it was only in the previous week that a little boy, who had wandered to this spot, and was gathering some bulrushes, was attacked by this same swan, and was knocked down, and pecked by his beak, and beaten by his strong wings, so that the boy had a rib broken, and stood in a fair way—or rather, a bad way—to be killed, had not his cries fortunately been heard by a labourer, who rushed to the rescue, pitchfork in hand, and, with no little difficulty, saved the lad, and drove away the angry swan. All this now came back to my memory; and I knew that I had no pitchfork where-with to protect me, and nothing stouter than my fishing-rod, which was of no more avail than an ordinary walking-stick. I did not desire to make a Shakesperian "swan-like end," and "die to music;" nor did I care to risk the contest; and when I approached the bird, to see if he would allow me to pass, it was perfectly evident, from his warlike demonstrations, that he was determined to oppose my progress. He spread out his wings, stretched his neck, and hissed at me; but he did not advance. I had that in my favour; for if he had approached me, and I had been obliged to make a strategic movement to the rear, I should have been at the extremity of my *terra firma*, and should have been forced into the water. And, if I had gone there, the swan could have followed me, and would have been far more at home in the element than I should have been. He did not look so much at home on the dry land as he did when he was swimming in the pool, and infinitely less graceful; but he was too formidable to be encountered; and each time that I advanced, and made as though I would slip by him, he made such warlike demonstrations that he was going to defend the narrow pass, even as the brave Horatius kept the bridge, that I had to acknowledge him to be master of the situation. There were not only his wings to be considered, but also his beak. When Canon Reynolds Hole made his "little tour in Ireland," in company with John Leech, he was introduced to an eagle who was described as being "an iligant aigle, with a power of bayk." This, too, was an elegant swan; but he had a power of beak; and I had no desire to be brought before the beak—in any sense of that expression.

I assured my *pro tem* enemy that I had not the slightest wish or intention of doing any harm to himself or to his wife and most interesting family; and that I simply claimed my right of way along the path that he seemed to have appropriated as his own peculiar property. To this mild expostulation the swan, in effect, appeared to answer—by the way, *anser* is a goose, and not a swan—appeared to reply that his foot—a very ugly foot—was on his native heath, and that he was not going to budge an inch. It was quite clear that I must accept the position in which I found myself placed; but I hoped that he would not keep me there through the night, as I was not accustomed to sleep in the open air, nor had I ever possessed the key of the street.

Well! despairing of making my escape, I, for the present, accepted the inevitable, and went as far as I could from the swan, to the very end of the narrow slip of land, where there was a tree into which I could climb, if he wished to follow up the attack at close quarters. Yet, as swans could fly as well as swim and walk, I should not be quite safe even in the tree; but I hoped that when he saw me to all appearance not attending to him he would leave his post and rejoin his wife and family, while I could take the opportunity to make my escape. So I sat down by the edge of the pool, and looked at the beauty of the evening scene—the calm water reflecting the shadows, the radiance of the setting sun, the mother swan floating with her cygnets on her back tucked up comfortably in their beds of swansdown, and the water lilies with their white chalcids gleaming in the fading light.

Pondering on the thoughts suggested by the white water-lilies, I took out of my pocket a pencil, and on the back of a letter I then and there addressed a sonnet to that lovely plant, which, as says Wordsworth :—

Lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the towering wave.

The lines that I wrote were as follows; and I must apologise to the swans and their cygnets for omitting all mention of them; but, then, this is not "A Swan Song," but an "Address To a Water-Lily":—

The earth lay dreaming in a golden light;
The tall trees cast their shadows in the pool
Where lay the water-lily gleaming bright
Amid the sedgy umbrage dun and cool.
All clad in purest white, like saintly nun—
Or like some veiled bride in nuptial dress,
Who feels another's heart in her's is wound,
Another life—of duty—is begun,
And trembles in her low and loveliness—
Amid its shining leaves it lay at rest,
Reclin'd upon the water's throbbing breast,
Answering its every motion, every bound,
As though some mystic love to them was given:
The Vestal of the wave, it lay and looked to Heaven.

Now it happened that, in the previous year, 1846, I had made my appearance in print in the pages of *Bentley's Miscellany*, where my *nom de plume* was first signed to certain love poems and rhymed translations from Greek dramatists, some of which were subsequently republished in the first two editions of "The Bentley Ballads;" and I had contributed to the *Miscellany* in that same year, 1847. The magazine has long since ceased to exist; but in its day it was a famous half-crown periodical, with Dickens as its first editor, in 1837, and his "Oliver Twist" for its first serial, with George Cruikshank's etchings. Father Prout and Doctor Maginn also contributed to its first number, and Longfellow wrote in it "Excelsior;" "The Village Blacksmith," and ten others of his minor poems, which thus obtained their first reputation on this side of the Atlantic. Barham, who had been at St. Paul's School with Mr. Bentley, also published in the magazine his famed "Ingoldsby Legends." There had been some difficulty in giving a name to the new periodical. "I thought at one time," said Mr. Bentley to Douglas Jerrold, of calling it the "Wits' Miscellany." "Well," was the smart and lightning-like rejoinder, "but you need not have gone to the other extremity!"

So I thought that I would send my "Water-Lily Sonnet" to *Bentley's Miscellany*, and I afterwards did so, and it appeared there

in January, 1848; but any one who troubled to read it would little suspect the peculiar circumstances under which it was composed. In concluding this account of the production of poetry under difficulties, I may say that my quietude during the time that I was seated on the bank, and was writing the lines, beguiled my watchful enemy the swan who, apparently arrived at the conclusion that I had abandoned my idea of coming his way. As I pocketed my completed sonnet, I saw him waddle to the water's brim, and there quitting the ugly waddle for the graceful motion of swimming, he went to have a nearer look at his wife and children. I took immediate advantage of his being off duty; and making a rapid rush over the narrow tongue of land, I was soon in safe quarters in the field by the pool-side. It was the first and last time that I have been interviewed by a Swan.

CUTHBERT BEDE

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

IV.

ONE of the largest and best figure pictures in the Seventh Gallery is Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Milton Visited by Andrew Marvell." The subject is well suited to the painter's style, and he has treated it with sympathetic skill. An appropriate air of quietude pervades the scene, the reticent gestures of the figures being quite in keeping with their Puritan simplicity of garb. The tender solicitude of the blind poet's wife is extremely well expressed, and so is the demonstrative sincerity of Marvell, who grasps his hand. As regards composition and colour the picture leaves little to be desired. Mr. S. E. Waller's "Outward Bound" is chiefly remarkable for the well painted group of sleek coach horses in the foreground. The young midshipman and his mother waiting for the coach occupy a subordinate place in the composition, but they are cleverly introduced and serve to give human interest to the scene. Near it hangs a characteristic little figure of "A Cairene Water-Seller," painted with marvellous minuteness by Mr. F. A. Bridgman; and a carefully-executed but not very interesting picture, by Mr. D. W. Wynfield, depicting an incident in Charles II.'s narrative of his escape after the Battle of Worcester. Mr. John Collier's life-size nude "Circe" reclining on the neck of an amorous tiger is infinitely the best work of the kind that he has produced. The attitude of the finely-formed figure is extremely graceful, and it is drawn and modelled with surprising accuracy and completeness.

In the room formerly occupied by water-colours we come upon another picture by Mr. Millais, "Orphans"—a little girl with a young rabbit in her apron. It is not so harmonious in colour or so complete as the child-like portrait already noticed, but the head is of great beauty, and splendidly painted. Near it hangs an excellent piece of character painting by Mr. Marks, representing an amateur of the early part of the century examining an engraving with the keenest interest "At the Printseller's." An artist hitherto little known, Mr. Lionel Cowen, shows great skill in characterisation, together with technical accomplishment, in a picture of three old musical enthusiasts at practice, called "Cronies and Crotchets." Mr. W. Logsdail sends no important work; but in his two small Venetian scenes, "The Ca d'Oro" and "The Ponte della Paglia," the effect of bright sunshine on rich architecture is very forcibly given. Except that they resemble in motive, and in some extent in treatment, some of his previous works, little fault can be found in the two Venetian pictures by M. Eugène de Blaas. "Vexation" is the title of one of them, and it is extremely well expressed in the face and figure of a comely girl who sits gnawing the end of her neckerchief, while her lover leans against a doorway filling his pipe. In "The Proposal" an equally attractive girl is listening with evident delight to a young fisherman separated from her by a low cloister wall. The youthful beauty of her face and the easy mobility of her attitude render the work especially attractive. Among several picturesque little street scenes by Mr. Henry Woods, "Returned from the Rialto" strikes us as the best. The girl standing on tip-toe to reach her door bell is a true type of youthful Venetian beauty, spontaneous in movement, and graceful. The only picture by Mr. Seymour Lucas represents one of Monmouth's peasant followers who has escaped "From the Field of Sedgemoor," sitting with his face buried in his hands, while his young wife, with terror vividly depicted in her face, listens at the door. The story is clearly told, and though it seems unfinished in parts the picture is painted in a broad effective style.

In a large picture, "Ripe October," by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, a peasant girl, robust in form and vigorous in action, is seen in an apple tree, dragging down the ripe fruit with a sickle. Another picture by him represents a maiden of ample proportions who has mounted the steps of a windmill on a breezy day to talk to the miller. Both are suggestive of movement and bright daylight; but they are flimsy in effect, and painted in too thin and sketchy a manner for work on so large a scale. There is much beauty in Miss Alice Havers's small picture, "Divided," showing a rather sentimental lady with a lamb in her arms contemplating a fisherman on the other side of the river; but her larger picture of a party of healthy English girls returning from their work in the fields, called "The Belle of the Village," is quite as ably painted, and infinitely more natural. Ellen Clacy's picture of a carpenter's shop, with a ragged old man leaning against a table and some children beside him, called "Will Myers, Ratcatcher and Poacher," conveys a strong impression of reality, and is painted with firmness and solidity. A smaller picture of an old "Seamstress" at work in a garret, by Mr. G. Bathgate, whose name we have not met with before, is noteworthy for its truthful illumination and beauty of colour. Another unknown painter, Mr. H. Welch, is evidently gifted with a fine sense of colour. The gradations of tone in his evening view of "Tintagel" are of rare beauty.

Mr. David Murray's spacious river scene, "The Rother at Rye," and his autumnal landscape, "Last Leaves," are greatly in advance of his last year's work. Both are full of light and air, and the bare birch tree stems in the latter are admirably drawn. The effect of bright suffused morning light is also most successfully rendered in "A Fish Sale on a Cornish Beach," by Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes. The figures might be better arranged as regards composition, but they are true in character, and as well as the freshly-caught fish lying on the wet sand at their feet are painted with great realistic power. Mr. J. R. Reid also appears to great advantage in a large picture of a somewhat similar subject, "The Fatherless." It represents a market held on a high cliff overlooking the sea, a widow with her child and a young calf forming the principal group. Together with other estimable qualities, it is distinguished by well-balanced composition and sober harmony of tone. Between these works hangs a fourth picture by Mr. Briton Rivière, "Stolen Kisses." The action of the little girl who is protecting her face from the too-exuberant affection of a young fox-terrier is natural, and the dog is in every way masterly. Near it is another picture, in which a little girl and a dog are the actors, "Two Invalids" by Mr. Lance Calkin, showing true perception of canine character, and very solidly executed in the style of Mr. Frank Holl. Mr. W. H. Bartlett, in a picture entitled "His Last Work," has represented, with appropriate simplicity and great artistic skill, the widow of a sculptor showing a statuette to a party of sympathising visitors.

Mr. E. J. Gregory sends no oil picture, but his small drawing of a little girl in a hammock swung between trees, with a kitten in her arms, and dogs barking beside her, "Overtures for Peace," is one of the most consummate things in the exhibition. Of the animation of the figures, human and animal, and their perfect draughtsmanship, or of the elaborate completeness of every detail, it would be difficult

to speak in exaggerated terms. Unfortunately the scale of the work is so small, and its workmanship so fine, that much of its beauty is lost to those not gifted with microscopic eyes. Mr. T. Faed shows ability of an unexpected kind, in a small landscape study, "A Cot Amid the Hills," remarkable for its luminous tone of colour; a quality that has never been conspicuous in his oil pictures. Mr. F. Goodall sends a reproduction of his large picture, "The Holy Mother," that appeared here some years ago; and Mr. Dobson two carefully-modelled life-sized heads in his usual style. A drawing of "The Fisherman's Hospital, Great Yarmouth," with some of its aged inmates naturally grouped, by Mr. J. Nash, will be found worthy of close examination. Jane Dealy has a very characteristic study of two quaint Dutch children in a village street; and Anna Alma-Tadema a highly-wrought drawing of a rich interior, "The Gold Room." Mr. A. East's "The Village Ferry;" Mr. David Murray's "The Oude Canal, Dordrecht," and Mr. R. W. Allan's "Funeral of Thomas Carlyle," are among the drawings deserving notice.

The display of sculpture is not nearly so interesting as that of last year, but there are a few works of rare excellence. Mr. Thomas Woolner's recumbent figure in marble of Lord Frederick Cavendish is an admirable example of monumental art, combining completeness of workmanship with grand simplicity of style. The treatment of the ample drapery that covers the figure and reveals its form is very masterly. Mr. Woolner also sends a splendidly modelled bust of "Sir Donald Currie, K.C.M.G.," and another equally fine of "J. W. Barclay, M.P." Mr. H. H. Armstead's "Memorial Effigy of the late Dean Close," to be placed in Carlisle Cathedral, is marked by his accustomed largeness and severity of manner. Mr. E. Onslow Ford's life-sized marble figure of "Henry Irving as Hamlet" is characteristic in pose and excellent as a likeness. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft sends only works of minor importance. They include a small equestrian statuette in wax of "Edward I.," a bust of "John Donaldson, C.E.," and another of "Thomas Gray, the Poet," intended for Pembroke College. From whatever source the likeness may be derived the head is distinctly individual and life-like in expression. Mr. H. Bates, who first came prominently into notice last year, sends three bronze panels illustrating Virgil's "Æneid," distinguished by grandeur of style and masterly modelling of form. Two female heads in very low relief, "A Vision" and "Before the Scenes," by Mr. William Cowper, are remarkable for extreme delicacy of workmanship. A more important and better work by him is a life-sized marble statue of "Psyche" in a crouching attitude. The figure, which is distinguished by youthful beauty of form, is extremely well modelled, and the drapery that clothes the lower limbs treated in a thoroughly artistic manner. Amy M. Singer's terra-cotta statuette of an old peasant woman is well worth attention, and so is the "Study of a Head," also in terra-cotta, by Mr. A. A. Toft. Among the best of the remaining portrait busts, which are too numerous to be mentioned in detail, are Mr. T. Brock's "The Late Sir Erasmus Wilson," Conrad Dressler's "John Ruskin," C. B. Birch's "Horace Jones, the Architect," and a strikingly realistic terra-cotta of "Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B.," by George Tinworth.



THE importance of fiction as a means of extending the reach of philosophy is recognised by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, who by means of "Karma," a novel (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), attempts, and successfully, to interest in spiritual phenomena those to whom the titles of such works as "Esoteric Buddhism" would only suggest literary *caviare*. There is certainly nothing unattractive about such a title as "Karma," which to the uninitiated mind might signify the name of a heroine. Nor will we venture upon an explanation, for two reasons—one lest we should state the theosophic doctrine of the conservation of energy in an inadequate manner, and the other lest through our fault an exceedingly able and interesting novel should be deprived of a single uninitiated reader. It is the business of this column to deal with fiction as fiction, that is to say, as a branch of art and literature, and not in its relation to theological metaphysics. Accepting, then, the views which Mr. Sinnett so earnestly holds, and so energetically asserts, as a mere artistic basis, the novel is one of real power. The apparently supernatural element (to speak in ordinary language) concentrated in the mysterious personality of Baron von Mondstern, obtains an almost unique effect from being put forward in all sincerity, and not by way of mere artifice to excite the reader's wonder. This sincerity differentiates Mr. Sinnett's Baron from Cagliostro, just as his connection with a distinct and definite theory distinguishes him from the vague mysticism of a work like "Zanoni." The book is well timed to produce whatever effect may be intended, seeing how much reader the novel-reading public now is to accept spiritual phenomena as possible, if not probable: and the existence of a ubiquitous personage who has acquired, from occult sources, the power of blasting a great tree with invisible lightning will not appear a creature of such pure Dreamland as would have been the case a few years ago. The figure of the Baron is impressive altogether, and calculated to excite interest, and at the very least curiosity, regarding the assumed laws of his action and being. The remaining characters who illustrate the underlying doctrine of "Karma," and who, having sinned in former forms of life, expiate their actions in the present, are all perfectly adapted to their respective special conditions, and, what is more, are excellent as life-like creations. Altogether Mr. Sinnett has written a remarkable book, which merits a high place in fiction, whatever may be thought of the theories to which, we presume, he desires to give as popular a form as is consistent with their qualities. It is at least some proof of his success that he is the most interesting in proportion as he is the most philosophical, the ordinary elements of fiction being sometimes of the nature of unwelcome interruptions—a reversal of the common order of things.

Mrs. Macquoid's "Louisa" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is a quietly charming story, told in the best manner of its authoress, and with much freshness of interest due to her entry upon what, for her, is new ground. She has successfully applied to Italian life and character the same capacities for original observation that have done her and her readers so much good service in Normandy and Flanders: and she has created an exceedingly real while exceedingly dramatic character in the person of Count Monaldi, the hero of a most pathetic domestic tragedy. Of her grace and charm of style there has never been any question. If there had been, it would have been set at rest by her delightful descriptions of Perugia and of other Italian scenes, and by the manner in which she has caught and reproduced the ways of thought and speech characteristic of the genuine Italian.

Mr. Charles H. Eden knows how to tell a story; and his "George Donington: or, In the Bear's Grip" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), has the advantage of direct connection with the interest now due to whatever concerns Russia. The author's object is to display the internal features and results of Russian domestic tyranny, and the characteristics of the police system and organised *espionage*. With this view, he has ingeniously ordered matters so that a young Englishman, representing a commercial firm at Odessa, becomes, through an elaborate complication of circumstances, a prisoner for



"BOLTED"—AN INCIDENT IN ROTTEN ROW
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

life in Siberia—not, however, as the reader will suspect, to complete his sentence, or to reach the end of the third volume without his reward. The plot is cleverly constructed, and the incidents picturesque and well connected and described. Indeed these good qualities are so marked as to almost lead to the conclusion that a country where such an extraordinary combination of characters and coincidences is required to lead an inoffensive person into trouble cannot be so very badly governed after all. However, Mr. Eden's novel cannot fail to be read with pleasure as an exceedingly interesting and well-constructed narrative, always sufficiently rising to the occasion when, as constantly happens, exciting incident is called for, and not allowing the interest to drop between whiles. Mr. Eden does not love Russia, so that he will find many sympathetic readers: while his views on Nihilists and Nihilism are of a less popular kind.

"Elfrica," a historical romance of the 12th century, by Mrs. Edmund Boger (3 vols. : W. Swan Sonnenschein), is not so much a novel as an account of the life of that John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, who obtained from King John for himself and his heirs the right for ever to be covered in the royal presence, now possessed by Lord Kingsale. The work differs from biography only in its being coloured by imaginary conversations, in dragging in as many of the Arthurian legends as the authoress can find room for, and in the invention of domestic incidents. For the rest, it is no doubt as trustworthy as most history when studied solely from the romantic and hero-worshipping point of view. It has one exceedingly grotesque and, unhappily, all-pervading fault. All the characters think and talk precisely like young ladies and gentlemen of the nineteenth century having ecclesiastical proclivities, and taking a sentimental interest in ancient architecture and bygone days. They contemplate themselves from their far-off descendants' point of view. Even their phraseology is the same, though, as if sometimes seized with a recollection of their supposed period, they will break spasmodically into an "An it please ye," or a "Gramercy," or something in that style. On the whole, this historical romance is most to be commended for its lofty tone of religion and honour.

"A Future on Trust," by Lina Nevill (1 vol. : J. and R. Maxwell), is a love story of the usual kind. There is little to say of it in one way or in another, beyond that it will be described by the special public to which it may be assumed to appeal as "sweetly pretty," and that the story, such as it is, is fairly well told, and contains sufficient variety of scenes and characters.



To the list of the more valuable books of travel-narrative belongs Mr. James Scott's "France and Tongking" (Fisher Unwin). This work contains a description of the Campaign of the French in 1884 in the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, and supplies interesting details about the principal places, and also about the peoples of further India. Mr. Scott supplements the information given to the world by Mr. Colquhoun in "Among the Shans." We are now taken to the Eastern coast-line of the region described by the distinguished engineer. It is impossible not to admire the heroism and dash of men like Garnier and Rivière, the more prominent and interesting figures in modern Gallic Colonial enterprise, while at the same time refusing to ignore the enormities committed and the savagery exhibited by the rank and file of the French army. On this score it is a comfort to learn that the Annamese are not a people with whom one can feel much sympathy. "They are not," observes Mr. Scott, "a race for which one can feel any enthusiastic regard, and it is as well to limit one's observations to inspection from a distance. They are frightfully dirty, and their neighbourhood is therefore unpleasant. They lie with the equanimity of Ananias turned auctioneer, they steal with a tranquillity which suggests the beginning or the end of all things, they have not morality worth a cent, and their company is therefore undesirable." The effect of the French invasion has not, according to this shrewd observer, been hitherto such as to elevate the standard of manners. Mr. Scott goes much into the details of the warlike operations, and provides elaborate plans and maps of the various towns. His book is therefore rather a valuable work of reference for the political student than to be read continuously. As an authority for the affairs of Tongking, Annam, Camboja, and Hainan, it must hold a very high place indeed.

The history of South Africa has not been an attractive study for Englishmen in recent years, and so "The Transvaal War, 1880-1881," edited by Lady Bellairs, and published by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, may not find a large public. It is chiefly too, a compilation from Parliamentary Blue Books, Transvaal Government Gazettes, and so on. The main portion of the book is devoted to a description of the sieges to which the British and loyal Dutch garrisons were subjected by the ultimately victorious Boers. Lady Bellairs takes a desponding view of the future of English influence in South Africa, and its declension, she thinks, will soon affect unfavourably our great Missionary and Aborigines Protection Societies, as well as the consolidation of the British Empire in those parts. Lady Bellairs' narrative has lost its main interest from the lapse of time, and few readers will care to wade through dry records so largely redolent of unpleasant memories. Still, those who desire to know fundamentally all the causes and incidents that led up to that eventful and far-reaching conflict of Majuba will find matter here to guide them to a sound conclusion.

Mr. H. J. Leech has collected and edited "The Public Letters of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P." (Sampson Low). These letters range in date from July, 1850, to December, 1884, and deal with a great variety of subjects: some of the day and hour when the letters were written; others of more perennial importance, such as "War," "Extremepore Speaking and Preaching," "Republicanism," and so on. The editor has displayed great industry in searching in all sorts of nooks and corners for the scattered correspondence of Mr. Bright, and the result is a readable volume. Mr. Bright's is still a name of power, and thousands of people will doubtless be glad to have in historical order the views of the man they admire on a long series of social and political questions. Then, whether on the platform or at the desk, Mr. Cobden's illustrious colleague always expresses himself in clear and manly English.

Mr. James Millington has translated from the French an interesting work, "The Chinese Painted by Themselves" (Field and Tuer). Its author, Colonel Tchong-Ki-Tong, is Military Attaché of China at Paris. He takes up the cudgels on behalf of his countrymen against the misrepresentations of travellers. "If they were satisfied," writes the gallant officer, "with saying we were accustomed to eat dogs, and to give our guests serpent's eggs and roast lizards, there will be no great harm done. Nor should I complain much if we were described as polygamists—there are so many of them; or that we give our babies—our dear little babies—as food to animals, whose names I forget. These are fallacies of such a nature that it is useless to be offended at them." These are palpable errors; but the graver mistakes made about China arise from prejudice. Colonel Tchong-Ki-Tong thinks that his personality as a Chinaman entitles him to have his say as much as if he followed "the profession of traveller." He describes the "Family," "Woman," "Marriage," "Divorce," and so on, and

comparing the institutions of his country with those of France seems to show, to his own satisfaction at least, that the Empire of the Celestials is more advanced as regards true civilisation than our neighbour, the French Republic. His book is interesting, and in parts amusing, especially where he takes the French to task for their deficiencies. Mr. Millington appears to have fulfilled his functions as a translator admirably. "The Chinese Painted by Themselves" deserves to obtain a wide circulation.

Many young men nowadays are eager to emigrate to young countries, and yet find it hard to obtain all the information they desire and need before starting on the momentous journey. In "Go West" (Wyman and Sons), Mr. Percy Taylor will tell them much that is indispensable to learn about farming and stock raising in the United States and in Canada. Men who go out must be willing to work steadily. They should have capital, not to lay out at once, but only as soon as they have grown accustomed to the ins and outs of a new country, or the money may be spent unwisely. A stock farm of a square mile in Northern Indiana and North-Western Illinois can be taken and provided with all that is necessary for 2,000. This sum will leave a margin for outgoings during the unproductive early period of the holding. Manitoba is preferable to Ontario as a place of residence for poor men beginning to learn farming, as in the former province, Mr. Taylor says, they will at once obtain wages, while in the latter a premium is required. Mr. Taylor's work is full of information, facts, and statistics. Still it is not dry or dull. English housekeepers' mouths may well water when they are told that at Chicago fresh meat and ham are five-pence per pound, eggs five-pence per dozen, and the best butter ten-pence per pound. "Go West" will surely be found a very interesting book. One of the same sort is wanted for Australasia, where the promise of prosperity is equally great. The "Advice and Counsel to Settlers" at the back of the title-page are in proof that Mr. Taylor is eminently a practical man, and well versed in all the bearings of his subject.

Mr. Alexander Gardner has issued a new edition of "Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisnach," by the late Dr. Angus Smith. The book is an attempt, more or less successful, to picture to the modern reader the life of a time long past. The landing of the Irish Scots in the Highlands is an event that belongs to the domain of legend rather than of history. The material supplied by Bardic tales, and by the opening up of mounds, has here been skilfully and artistically utilised. The dialogue form is adapted for the narrative, and this mode of treatment is in this case more successful than it usually is. The style is fresh and crisp, and suited to the theme. The illustrations by Miss J. Knox Smith are admirably done. "Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisnach" is to be commended to the notice of those who interest themselves in the past of the Highlands of Scotland and their inhabitants.

"Talofa: Letters from Foreign Parts" (Sampson Low), by C. E. Baxter, is a series of gossiping sketches of life and scenery in China, Australia, New Zealand, and Egypt. The following is a fair specimen of the author's style and matter:—"Li-Hung-Chang paid a visit to the ship a few days ago. We gave him a very grand reception, and he was highly pleased, especially when he fired a broadside by electricity, which sent him into fits of laughter. The next day he sent off a large present of pigs, bullocks, biscuits, &c., to the ship's company." Mr. Baxter's letters are pleasant reading enough for any one who is fond of travel, and for whom there is attraction in the everyday incidents of naval life.

Mr. Walter De Gray Birch, F.S.A., has edited, annotated, and translated from the unique manuscript in the British Museum, "Vita Haroldi" (Elliot Stock). It is the Romance of the Life of Harold, King of England. The manuscript probably dates from the early part of the thirteenth century, and has been carefully collated for the press. The translation has now been attempted for the first time. Mr. Birch deserves the thanks and gratitude of historical students for placing within their reach this picturesque story of the last purely native King of England. Moreover it was written when the memory and tradition of Harold were fresh in the minds of men.

"The Principles of Civil Engineering as applied to Agriculture and Estate Management" (Kegan Paul), by Mr. Alan Bagot, seems to fulfil satisfactorily the purpose for which it was written. It is intended to afford the owner or his land agent, and others interested in such matters, such information as modern agricultural operations demand. Mr. Bagot gives in ample detail all that is requisite to know about surveying, levelling, drainage, water supply, earthworks, roads, and so on, and his book is made more useful and his meaning elucidated by numerous diagrams. The work should be eminently serviceable to all those who are engaged in the management of estates.

Miss Agnes Smith translates from the Greek of Panagiotis G. Kastromenos, "The Monuments of Athens" (Edward Stanford). Athens has been frequently described before, and when old ground is gone over, one naturally looks for some special qualification in the author who dilates upon a well-worn theme. Mr. Kastromenos is a Greek, and has pursued with zeal and success his archaeological studies. He does not write with the coldness of the outsider and the foreigner. It is with enthusiasm and pleasure that he has sought out the immortal treasures of his forefathers. His work should be useful to English and American travellers, as they will find here in a small compass the chief facts relating to the antiquities of Athens, expressed with method, clearness, and accuracy. Miss Smith has performed her task as translator with judgment and care.

Mr. Fred Miller has edited for Messrs. Wyman and Sons "Wood-Carving." The art is considered practically, theoretically, and historically. The book is abundantly supplied with illustrations, and should be of service to the student who aspires to be a wood-carver. Although crafts like wood-carving have fallen on bad times in these days, it is something that they have votaries like Mr. Miller, who have the power and ability to awaken public interest in them. "Wood-Carving" is a substantial addition to Messrs. Wyman's Technical Series.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—One of the most attractive novelties of the musical season is "A Patriotic Hymn" from the Bohemian poem, "The Heirs of the White Mountain," written by Vítěslav Hálek, the music composed for chorus and orchestra by Antonín Dvořák, who has dedicated it, "with feelings of deep gratitude, to the English people." The Rev. Dr. Troutbeck has, with his usual skill and aptitude for grasping the general idea of anything he undertakes, supplied an English version of the poem. Of the music we need say nothing, as it has already been heard in public with general appreciation, and its appearance in "Novello's Original Octavo Edition" is a veritable boon to the music world, professional as well as amateur.—Another welcome addition to the above series of original works is "Freedom," an ode for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra, the words by the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, M.A., music by Ebenezer Prout, which will find favour with all intelligent members of choral societies who have a taste for good music.—Two songs of more than ordinary merit, music by Charles Salaman, are respectively, "A Toi! Toujours à Toi!" the graceful

poetry by Victor Hugo, compass from E first line to the octave F above; we can commend this pretty trifle as a charming drawing-room song; "Du Süßes Mädchen" ("Thou Sweetest Maiden"), the words from "The Songs of Mirza Schaffy," by Friedrich Bodenstedt, the English version by Malcolm C. Salaman, is a sweet little love-song of medium compass.

C. B. TREE.—Two very pleasing ballads, of a light and cheerful type, suitable for after-dinner drawing-room execution, are: "Sunbeams," a simple tale of a fisher-lad and maiden's courtship; and "Footsteps," words by Louis St. Aubin, music by Paul Melvere.

WILLIAM CZERNY.—Eduard Lassen has gone for inspiration to a poem by the well-known poet of his day, Thomas Otway (1651-1685), "O Woman, Lovely Woman!" a tender tribute of admiration for the sex, which has been set to a very pleasing melody.—Children of the present century are certainly more advanced than were their youthful predecessors, hence it is not unlikely that some of them will be able to play and sing "Home for the Holidays," a lively sketch for the pianoforte, with chorus in unison *ad libitum*; words and arrangement by William Czerny, music by Robert Schumann. Well sung by a number of young voices, this little sketch will prove very telling at a breaking-up party of boys and girls.—A showy sketch for the pianoforte, by Madame Schröter, is "Herne the Hunter."—W. Czerny has arranged Robert Volkmann's "March of the Heroes" as a pianoforte solo, under the title of "Victory or Death." The only fault to be found with this piece is its brevity.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A tale of disappointed love rather energetically railed at is "Tuba Roses," written and composed by "Reine." It is evidently the work of a beginner, and as such is very promising (Messrs. Swan and Co.).—"England, Prepare!" is the title of a boastful song, written and composed by Maurice Grant; one of many called forth by these warlike times (Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.).—A racy comic song which will provoke a hearty laugh, especially amongst sailors on the land or the sea, is "The Yarn of a Whale," written and composed by Horace Smith and Henry Martin (B. Williams).—A refined and melodious waltz is "Verloren," by Franz Engelberg (City Music Stores).—Pretty, but not very original, is "1st R.V.," valse, by L. A. D. Montague; it will doubtless meet with a kindly reception in the regiment to which it is dedicated (Messrs. T. C. Turner and Co.).—Composed for a worthy purpose, the proceeds of the sale being devoted to the benefit of the wives and children of soldiers and sailors serving in Egypt, "The Alexandra Waltz," by Mrs. Edwin Wardroper, disarms criticism and deserves a ready sale (Messrs. Boosey and Co.).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

VERY seldom is it our good fortune to close a volume of poems with such an almost unalloyed sense of pleasure, and, we may add, gratitude to the author, as in the case of "Louise de la Vallière, and Other Poems" by Katherine Tynan (Kegan Paul). Without wishing to seem hyperbolic in praise, we would assert that here is another true poet, one blessed with the genuine *afflatus*, and of whose literary future great things may be prophesied. Miss Tynan has a singular gift of music which makes her poems delightful to the ear, joined to an appreciation of nature and a thoughtful depth of sympathy which must appeal as certainly to the heart: we hardly know in which of her moods we like her best—whether as the vivid exponent of natural beauty, or as the student of humanity,—in either she is excellent. The piece which names the volume is a dramatic monologue, although delivered in stanzas, spoken by the unhappy mistress of Henri Quatre after she has found safety, and some meed of peace, within the convent walls; it is all beautiful and pathetic, but perhaps the most touching part is the nun's retrospect of her innocent child-life in the old Château of Touraine, as she lies down to sleep at the foot of the Kood:

Oh, but to hear, its bloomy boughs among,
How the brown throstle chaneth loud and long!
He all unseen doth sway with shut bright eyes
In the delirious passion of his song.

Surely, these things had brought me full content,
Were I Louise, clear-eyed and innocent,
Fifteen unsullied summers' nigh the skies.
I am Louise, sinner and penitent.

In "Joan of Arc" the author tries, and with much success, a higher flight; the poem is a soliloquy—given in remarkably good riding rhyme—spoken by *La Pucelle* on the night before her death; on the whole we should have been disposed to give this the place of honour. Miss Tynan has well combined, in Joan's utterances, the yearning after her old home of the country-bred maiden with the consciousness of dignity as an emissary of Heaven—twin feelings not combating one another; the most powerful passage is that describing her rebuke of Agnes Sorel, where, even in the fulfilment of her mission, girlish tenderness and pity for the beautiful castaway assert themselves; as a contrast take the lament for the woodlands at page 32. This poem alone would have stamped the author as one of the elect, but, by the bye, there is a slip, at page 25, which asks correction in future editions—the ninth line should obviously run, "Like to the radiant drops," &c. Of the minor pieces we should select "In Summer"—which ought to be read in a sunny garden, as we first read it—"King Cophetua's Queen," "The Dead Patriot"—a touching monody on the late A. M. Sullivan, and "The Flight of the Wild Geese." One more quotation we must make, these lines on Goldsmith:

He sang of happy homes, who home had none,
Of sweet hearth joys whose way was lone and bleak,
And oft his voice rang out with truest tone
When wintry winds froze tears upon his cheek
A deathless fount of joy was ever springing
From out his bright child-nature pure and sweet,
Soft comforting and surest healing bringing;
And when earth's sharpest thorns had pierced his feet
His way was gladdened with his inward singing.

In short, "Louise de la Vallière" is a book to own and treasure. Strong devotional feeling exists in some of the poems, and in others breathes an honest national sentiment to be prized in the present day. Ireland may be proud of such a daughter!

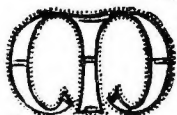
A handy edition of Mr. Frederick Locker's popular "London Lyrics" has lately been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. In a brief preface the author informs us that this is the tenth edition published in England. There have been three American editions, besides one privately printed by the Bookfellers' Club, New York. Our only complaint against this issue is that the poet has omitted to reprint some pieces which are our especial favourites, albeit they may not stand in the first rank of his compositions. We venture to recommend Mr. Locker to bring out an edition at a price suited for the pockets of the million, and containing everything, or almost everything, which he has at any previous time deemed worthy of publication.

Mr. F. T. Palgrave's admirable "Golden Treasury of Lyrical Poetry" has for many years been such a favourite book, that many readers will welcome a similar selection which he has made from the Poet Laureate's lyrics. "Lyrical Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson" (Macmillan and Co.), is a dainty little volume, of convenient pocket size, and contains, within the brief space of 250 pages, just the pieces which an excellent judge would select.

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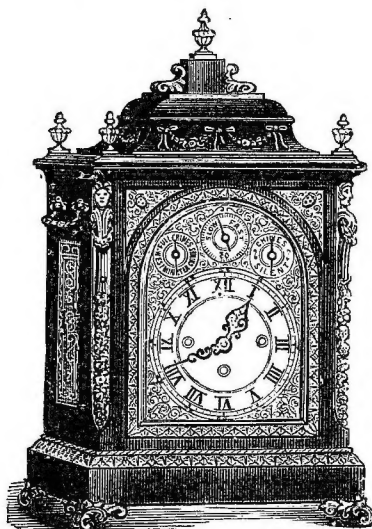
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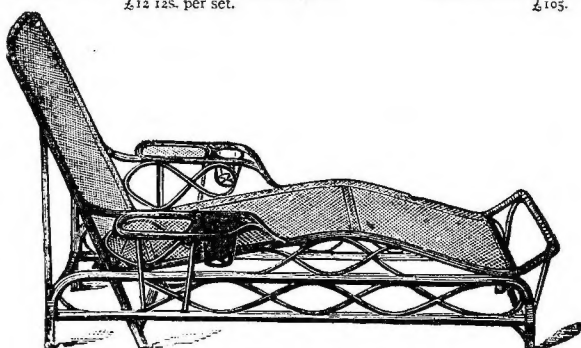
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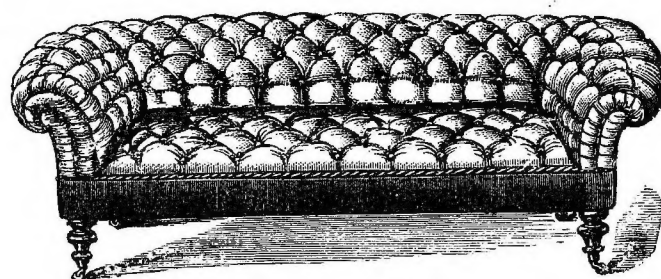
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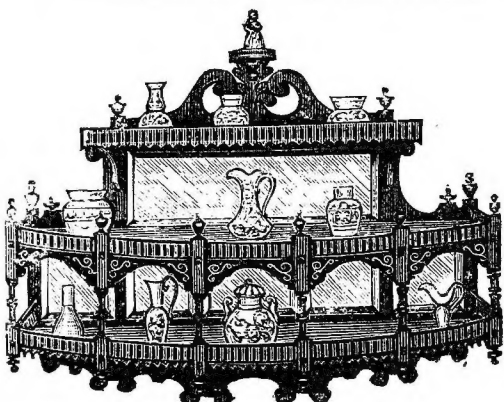
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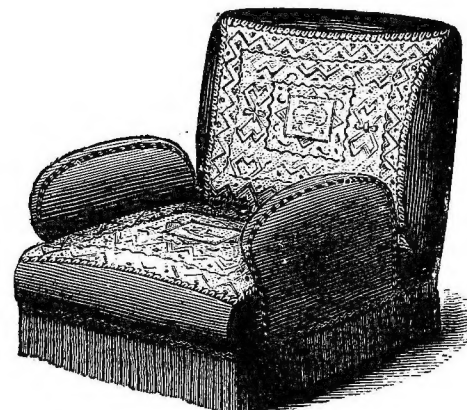
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